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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Janet Malcolm, in the course of the research for her much-discussed article in *The New Yorker* on why all journalists are con artists, stopped by our offices. She wanted to tape an interview with us. Not, we hope, because she thought we were the quintessential con man but because we had been listed (but not called) as an "expert" witness in the lawsuit brought by convicted murderer Jeffrey MacDonald against journalist Joe McGinniss, the case study at the heart of Malcolm's two-part indictment of reporters for always betraying their subjects.

Knowing of Malcolm's earlier troubles with Freud debunker Jeffrey Masson, who sued her for quoting him as saying things he never said, we agreed to let her tape—providing we could tape her taping us and that she would check all quotes. She agreed and said that she was "not going to reproduce every word," but that we could decide if we didn't like the way she had "changed" our words and that we "probably know about how that works." Having read in *New York* magazine that she doctored some of Masson's quotes, we now *do* know how it works, and we're not sure we like it.

We also don't much like some other things about this affair: Malcolm's propensity for the sweeping generalization (what all journalists do is "morally indefensible," all defense lawyers are "haters"); the use of lawsuits to settle ethical disputes; and checkbook journalism itself (it was, after all, the profit-sharing contract between MacDonald and McGinniss that gave rise to the convict's fraud suit against the author).

But the critical question is why everyone involved in this tempest in an espresso pot—Joe McGinniss, Jeffrey MacDonald, Jeffrey Masson and Janet Malcolm—has the initials J.M. We're thinking of putting our man Jefferson Morley on the case.

SPANKING PAUL JOHNSON
Christopher Hitchens

HUMAN GENE TRANSPLANTS
John W. Anderson

GUATEMALA'S MILITARY
Jennifer Schirmer

AIDS AND THE HOMELESS
Sarah Schulman

BERNSTEIN'S 'LOYALTIES'
Zachary Sklar

BARENBOIM CONDUCTS
Edward W. Said

THE PAPAL SPIDERWEB—I

OPUS DEI AND THE 'PERFECT SOCIETY'

PENNY LERNOUX

More than a decade into the reign of Pope John Paul II, it is obvious to even the most reluctant papal critics that he is determined to undo the reforms that have made Catholicism a more relevant religion in the First World and an instrument for popular empowerment in the Third. The effects of John Paul's "restoration" have already been felt in Latin America and the United States, where he has achieved what the White House could not by slowing down or destroying the careers of activist Catholic leaders who challenged U.S. military and business interests. At the time of his election in 1978, however, few could have foreseen the extent to which a Polish authoritarian would reshape the world's largest church or galvanize the international Catholic right wing. As the Pope himself commented shortly after his election, the "eminent cardinals" who had chosen him did not know "what sort of man I am."

The cardinals, like many others, mistakenly believed that because John Paul had participated in the Second Vatican Council (Vatican II) in the early 1960s, he would continue its reforms. But they underestimated the Polish factor: In Poland's hierarchical church, Catholics are expected to obey a clerical caste; no dissent is allowed. Although such discipline has enabled the church to survive and even flourish in a Communist state, it has also produced a narrow, fundamentalist religion. "For the Pope and those who think as he does," said one Vatican analyst, "Eastern Europe is where

(*Continued on Page 482*)

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LETTERS.

BALTIC BALK

New Haven

Christopher Hitchens's report on the Baltic states ["Minority Report," Feb. 27] surprisingly ignores the complexity of the subject. To wit: that "the Soviet seizure of the Baltic states was part of the covert understanding of the Hitler-Stalin pact," to quote the crux of the column, is technically correct but leaves out (1) the legitimacy of the Soviet Union's effort to enlarge its escarpment and have a chance to stop a German attack (see, e.g., Churchill's *The Gathering Storm*) and (2) the fact that these states had been part of the Czarist Empire until 1917. It would have been nothing short of miraculous if the Soviet Union would have been the only power in modern history which, winning a world war after losing one, would not have made up at least some of its losses of the first round. It is consistently ignored in the U.S. press—and in fact I have often found political commentators unaware of this—that the Soviet Union in 1945 accepted borders well to the east (except at one point) of its 1914 frontier. In the words of De Gaulle, "If Russia hadn't been Communist, we would have handed it Istanbul on a platter" (in 1945). Possibly "the midnight of the century" (Hitchens's words) was not the Hitler-Stalin pact but the Munich Hitler-Chamberlain pact.

To compare the Soviet policy in the Baltic, even under Stalin, to the Spanish extermination of the natives in the Caribbean and their enslavement in Middle and South America is a comparison that not only hobbles, as in the Latin proverb, but that is so inane as to be irrelevant.

Last, there is nothing chancy or caricatural about the Baltic Nazis "popping up" here: There was considerable sympathy among the "lower classes" in the Baltic for the Russian Revolution in 1918 and 1919, just as there was considerable support for Hitler among their Germanized "upper classes" in 1941. *Hans Koning*

POLITICAL TOKENISM

St. Petersburg, Fla.

In his review of Abigail M. Thernstrom's *Whose Votes Count* ["Beginning With Voting," Feb. 20], Alex Willingham concludes that "proportional representation . . . becomes the bogey man in this study," which presents "an oblique argument against the general notion that a group should be represented in government in some proportion to its percentage in the population." After all, says Willingham, "we often measure minority progress by comparing, say, education or income to the white majority's; thus measuring political representation by race seems justified as well."

Surely political representation is a more subtle matter than the counting of dollars or degrees. Or does Willingham really believe one can properly quantify political representation on a racial basis? To put the question in perspective, are we to believe that all whites should feel properly represented so long as a sufficient number of their representatives are white? If so, how does this account for all the whites who voted for Jesse Jackson?

No, Thernstrom is right on two counts: Single-member districts are merely an exercise in political tokenism, the latest resurrection of a failed "separate but equal" philosophy that attempts to delude minorities into thinking that, with single districting, they will now have all the representation they are entitled to; and the significant factor in evaluating the quality of our representation is not what our representatives look like but what they do. For all of us. *Ben Tutoli*

SUFFRAGE THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Long Beach, Calif.

Certainly Frank Oski's statistics about the status of American children are depressing ["How to Raise Money for the Class of 2000," Feb. 20], but his remedy, "Children's Bonds," is not the answer. Has anyone ever thought of a "Children's Vote"—an amendment to the Constitution giving every American under 21 the right to education, health and above all the power of the vote?

Under an appropriate Constitutional amendment, each child at birth could automatically be given full citizenship rights along with a Social Security number. During the years in which he or she is most dependent, the child would have a say in day care, preschooling, education, health, training, welfare and many other desperately needed programs covering every aspect of the lives of young people in this culture.

Each child's vote could be given to the discretion of parents until the child reaches a specified age. If there are a total of 100 million or so minors in the United States (20 million of them in poverty), they alone could provide about four times the number of votes that made up the Reagan "landslides." Whatever problems might attend such a policy, it could transform the funding and administration of currently inadequate government programs for children and thus also for other citizens.

Giving the child much-needed political power could also have major positive effects upon the ways in which children are treated in this society. For one, it would change the child's status from being defenseless and a drag on the family budget—and thus the likely target of physical and psychological abuse—to making him or her a source of political, social and economic power within the family, and therefore a central concern of national life. Children (or their parental surrogates) could vote into being such wish-list items as mandatory prenatal care, day care, Head Start schools, a longer school day, a six-day school week, a year-round public school program, vocational training, etc.; and with health care, counseling and job placement support as well.

If children had voting power, schools would be forced to treat them as citizens who need to be educated to the realities of modern life. There is no reason why U.S. high schools must continue to produce cultural morons. If American children were voters, politicians would suddenly find that educational issues look more like national security policies. Those who may think that a children's vote amendment would politicize the public schools ignore the fact that the public schools are highly politicized now. The passivity and superficiality of current public school curricula are already political in their effects: They turn young citizens off either by undereducating or alienating them.

For most of human history, children have had a larger function in the family than they do today: They gathered food, hunted, learned a craft by mother's or father's side, etc. Unfortunately, as psychohistorians and other researchers into the history of childhood have recently shown, from the beginning children—particularly females—have also been routinely abused, molested, raped, abandoned, neglected, starved, "exposed" or murdered by parents and other members of their families. Even if the treatment of children within the American family is presently gaining some needed attention at long last, the prospects for many children will remain desperate. American culture as presently constituted will never serve its children's best interests. However, children's full political participation would give them unprecedented status in and out of the family.

There would be problems: TV evangelists might siphon off the votes of all the born-again parents, and various right- or left-wing extremists could take their toll. Yet majority participation in the American electoral process would balance out fringe-area opinions; and if we don't believe that, perhaps we could give up our trust in democracy. The U.S. corporate elite would sleep restlessly if at all knowing that the demands of 70 percent of the U.S. population—counting parents and minor children—might take precedence over another four decades of carefully laid cold war plans.

I think we should stop proposing band-aid solutions to the problems facing American youngsters. With the power of the vote, little children might lead this nation in the direction of civilization. *Alvin H. Lawson*

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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EDITORIALS.

Lust for Power

Ten years ago, in the midst of chaotic attempts to stabilize the out-of-control Three Mile Island Unit 2 nuclear plant, an instrument technician emerged from the reactor building in a panic and shouted, "Christ! The core is melting!" This confirmed what others at the plant suspected. But for two days officials of General Public Utilities, which owns T.M.I., did not tell the public or the government what they knew. By the time Richard Thornburgh, then Governor of Pennsylvania, ordered an evacuation of children and pregnant women who lived within a five-mile radius of the plant—and 200,000 people fled their homes—the most serious danger had passed. But significant radiation had escaped, unmonitored.

In the decade since T.M.I., more than 26,000 nuclear mishaps have occurred in the United States, and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission estimates that the chance over the next twenty years of another meltdown, or worse, is at least 40 percent. Yet this ultrahazardous and little-understood technology continues under the control of profit-driven corporations and is regulated by the N.R.C., a Federal agency that tends to defer to industry.

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A year after the T.M.I. accident, for example, the N.R.C. illegally approved a General Public Utilities (G.P.U.) plan to release accident-generated radioactive gases directly into the environment. Area residents filed a class-action suit against the N.R.C. commissioners for the venting, but it was thrown out of court on the ground that the commissioners were "immune" from lawsuits. No one knows precisely how much radioactive gas escaped, and the government has never conducted credible health studies. Yet more than 2,000 residents have filed personal injury suits against G.P.U. for radiation-related injuries, and the company has settled a number of them.

In 1984, Metropolitan Edison Company, a G.P.U. subsidiary that partly owns T.M.I. and operated it at the time of the accident, pleaded guilty or no contest to seven counts of an eleven-count Federal indictment. The pleas established that for months before the accident the company had falsified critical safety data and destroyed documents. Despite this and other damning evidence, in 1985 the N.R.C. allowed General Public Utilities to restart T.M.I. Unit 1, the twin of the ill-fated plant, in the face of overwhelming opposition from the community and public officials.

It is true that the T.M.I. accident touched off a chain reaction of political and scientific opposition to unsafe practices. But nuclear power hardly died in 1979. No new reactors have been ordered in the United States since 1978, but the industry is maneuvering for a resurgence, exploiting the growing concern over one of our most pressing environmental problems, global warming. The industry recently prevailed upon Senator Tim Wirth, once considered pro-environment, to introduce legislation that would fund research into nuclear power as a way to reduce global warming caused by the burning of fossil fuels. According to the Rocky Mountain Institute, an energy research group, switching from fossil fuels to a global nuclear power economy would require building a new reactor every one to three days for the next forty years and would cost about $200 billion a year. And, at best, such a program would reduce warming by 20 percent.

The Department of Energy has only recently conceded that the accident at Three Mile Island was far more serious than the government or G.P.U. originally reported. We cannot risk another one, let alone a disaster on the scale of Chernobyl. Three Mile Island's legacy must be that a future built on nuclear power is an impossibility.

MARCH!

The preamble to the Missouri statute that the Supreme Court will consider this spring in *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* asserts that "unborn children have protectable interests in life, health, and well-being." That's more than born children have in a country with soaring infant mortality rates. The right has pushed the issue of abortion to center stage while sabotaging *real* pro-life measures. One way to fight back is to join the National March for Women's Equality and Women's Lives in Washington, D.C., on April 9. For information, call (202) 331-0066.

To Market

Performing political acrobatics on the edge of the economic precipice, the Poles are also showing how very far it is possible to go in Eastern Europe in the era of Gorbachev. The government and the opposition got down to the round table on February 6 with a limited objective: The opposition wanted the revival of Solidarity as a legal labor union; the government needed popular support for its economic reform and, perhaps, for foreign funds to flow. Both parties soon discovered that to reach a compromise they needed a social contract, and therefore all sorts of commissions were set up dealing not only with pluralism on the political and labor fronts but with such matters as health, housing, law, ecology and control over the media. These debates have echoed on radio and television, extending the frontiers of democracy.

As the deal is a package, its shape and fate will be uncertain till the very end. Its broad outline, however, is known. Poland will inaugurate labor pluralism in Eastern Europe. Next to the official unions, Solidarity is to re-emerge at once on a national scale. In exchange, the opposition has accepted a degree of collaboration. In the parliamentary elections, scheduled for next June, the Communist Party and its allies are guaranteed two-thirds of the seats in the *Sejm*, the crucial lower house, the genuine opposition making its debut there as a minority. Elections for the *Senat*, the newly established upper chamber with watchdog functions but few prerogatives, are to be more open. As a further safeguard, the regime is greatly strengthening the powers of the President, and General Jaruzelski is expected to soldier on in this new position.

The package is being put together in dramatic circumstances. As inflation reaches galloping speed, the workers are trying to keep pace. Postal workers, public transport employees, the women textile workers of Lodz and the bakers of Warsaw are among the most recent strikers. In this climate, both sides in the negotiations have taken risks. General Jaruzelski had to drag reluctant followers to the conference table and now must persuade men who treated power as the party's birthright that it can be shared and even preserved amid increasing competition. But the risks taken by Lech Walesa and his Solidarity comrades are much higher.

Listening to the economic dialogue at the round table, one occasionally had the illusion that the talks were between Margaret Thatcher and Milton Friedman, so great in Eastern Europe has the shared cult of the market now become. But when it came down from high principles to the rugged reality, the spokesmen for Solidarity could not forget that they are the representatives of a labor movement without which they are nothing. Hence, they had to defend the interests of their members, demanding in particular the indexing of wages to the rising prices, possibly with a preference

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for the lowest paid, and this clearly clashed with their new gospel. Paradoxically, or not so paradoxically, the Western financial establishment now approves the stand of the Communist government rather than of its labor opposition.

Once reached at the top, a deal must still be approved by the rank and file. For the social contract to function, and for Solidarity to prosper, it is necessary to persuade the nation that the regime is going to practice what it has only preached for forty-five years, namely, that the people of Poland, particularly its working people, are gradually going to gain a mastery over their labor and their fate. This, indeed, is the main item on Mikhail Gorbachev's historic agenda for Eastern Europe as a whole. To say that events are heading in that direction would be an overstatement. But they are moving faster than one could have hoped not so long ago.

DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I heard about the Burger King in Paris first. It turns out that the Burger King on the Champs-Elysées in Paris does more business than any other Burger King in the entire world.

"What do you make of that?" my wife said when I told her the news.

"What do you mean—what do I make of it?"

"Well, you're supposed to be a columnist," she said. "You're supposed to analyze these things. You're supposed to point out the significance, make the connections. That's what all the other columnists do. Does this say something about the inroads of American mass culture on European life? Does it say something about the New Europe? Is it a symbol of what's happening in the Western alliance? What does it all mean?"

"I don't know," I said.

"You don't know?"

"I haven't the foggiest," I said.

"But aren't you supposed to know this sort of thing?"

"I'd rather not say," I answered.

I really didn't know what it all meant. Making those connections was never easy for me, and it seemed to be getting harder every day. A couple of days before I learned about Burger King, someone had told me that in this country we spend $520,720 a minute on defense. "What does that mean to you?" he said.

"Well," I said, "that means that if you take the amount of money we spend annually on defense and divide it by the number of minutes in a year, you'd come out with $520,720."

He stared at me for a while. "Well, I knew that," he finally said, sounding a little put out. "But what does it mean? What's the significance?"

"Beats me," I said.

Then I heard on the radio that the Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in Beijing does more business than any other Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in the entire world. My wife was out of the room at the time. I didn't see any reason to tell her. I figured what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. Also, she had no plans to go to Beijing anytime in the near future, and if she did I'm certain she would eat Chinese food rather than Kentucky Fried Chicken. So it wasn't as if I was withholding some information she'd find of practical use.

She found out anyway. Maybe she read it in the newspaper. Maybe somebody tipped her off. She has her ways.

"I guess you've heard the news," she said one night at dinner.

"News?" I said. "I've heard no news." That was almost true. The burden of trying to find some significance in the events of the day was beginning to take the pleasure out of watching the news on television. I was thinking of going over to *Wheel of Fortune.*

My wife told me that the Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in Beijing does more business than any other Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in the entire world.

"Well, I'll be darned," I said. "Is that right? Isn't that something?" I came close to saying, "Well, don't that beat all," because I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"First, Burger King in Paris, now Kentucky Fried Chicken in Beijing," she said. "There's a real parallel there. What do you think it means?"

"Search me," I said.

"You should probably try to come up with something," she said. "People are going to begin to wonder about you."

I was afraid she might be right. Even a beginning columnist is supposed to see some significance in a parallel. I couldn't just say, "Those Chinese sure do like their fried chicken." That's not enough to say about a parallel. Also, what if this sort of thing continued? If two is a parallel, more than two is a trend. I'd have to find some significance in a trend. There are standards.

I could imagine the news flashes coming from all over the globe. Pizza Hut announces that its number-one moneymaker is its outlet in downtown Stockholm. The Taco Bell in Budapest smashes the company's record for annual sales. In Montevideo, the local Domino's gives away free pizzas in celebration of beating out a Domino's in a Minneapolis shopping center as the most profitable outlet in the company. It's a trend!

I figure that I'd better make one last try. I say to my wife, "Do you realize that the Wendy's in Moscow may gross as much per year as we spend in almost a half-hour defending ourselves against the Russians?"

My wife says she hadn't realized that.

"What does this say about the influence of American mass culture on the Eastern bloc countries?" I say. "What does it say about the Western alliance? What impact will it have on the cold war?"

"I don't know," my wife says.

"Exactly," I say.

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MINORITY REPORT.

In a novel called *Left of Centre* which is now, to the relief of its publisher and author alike, safely out of print, Paul Johnson wrote what is generally agreed to be the most embarrassing spanking scene ever penned. The eclipse of that otherwise unreadable novel did nothing to dim the memory of the cringe-making episode, which was continually recalled to mind by Johnson's public and social behavior. This often involved drunken and boorish conduct toward women, including his wife. On a famous occasion in a Greek restaurant in Charlotte Street in 1973, he struck her across the face for disagreeing with him in public and, when rebuked for this by a colleague of mine, threatened to put him through a plate glass window.

At a lunch given for the Israeli Ambassador to Britain in the board room of the old *New Statesman*, I watched Johnson bully and barrack Corinna Adam, then the foreign editor, as she attempted to engage Gideon Raphael in conversation. "Don't listen to her, she's a Communist!" he kept bellowing, his face twisted and puce with drink. "Fascist bitch!" he finally managed, before retiring to a sofa on the other side of the room and farting his way through a fitful doze for the rest of the meal. The combination of his choleric, lobsterlike complexion and his angry mane of ginger hair used to excite comment. "He looks," said Jonathan Miller after witnessing one of his many exhibitions of dementia, "he looks—*like an explosion in a pubic hair factory.*"

Long before he made his much-advertised stagger from left to right, Johnson had come to display all the lineaments of the snob, the racist and the bigot. "The Portuguese are just *wogs*," he yelled at me during a discussion of the Salazar dictatorship. Feeling himself slighted at the seating arrangements for a dinner one evening, he marched toward the door, thumping his walking stick and shouting, "I won't have it. I'm going to my club!" His customary difficulty in fighting his way across a room was compounded on this occasion by his wife, who intervened to persuade him to stay and who pointed out sweetly, "Paul, dear, you don't *belong* to a club." (He does now.)

"Fear of hellfire," he told me, kept him in the Roman Catholic Church. He added that all the same he often broke the church's commandments. I already knew that, or thought I did until he added wolfishly, "You see, I quite often pray for people to die."

He has terrible trouble spelling and must carry a dictionary. I remember when he was utterly caught out plagiarizing a misquotation of Herbert Marcuse from *Encounter*—a sort of triple-crown howler. His knees, already weak, turn to a jelly of deference whenever a title or a country house is mentioned. Once at a cricket match he took out his displeasure at the arrangements on the family dog, Parker.

I really could go on (as he knows). But why drag up this wretched and distasteful stuff at all? I was quite prepared to go to my grave with it. Well, in his book *Intellectuals*, Johnson now rashly announces, *Le style c'est l'homme*. I wouldn't have done that if I were he. In a clanking, ill-carpentered sentence he begins:

> This book is an examination of the moral and judgmental credentials of certain leading intellectuals to give advice to humanity on how to conduct its affairs.

As he goes on, increasingly suffused with the odor of righteousness:

> How did they run their own lives? With what degree of rectitude did they behave to family, friends and associates? Were they just in their sexual and financial dealings?

Having granted himself this license, Johnson proceeds to employ it with extreme vulgarity and, I would say, imprudence. Seeking to discredit the theory of historical materialism, for example, he writes:

> One of Jenny's earliest surviving letters reads: "Please do not write with so much rancour and irritation," and it is clear that many of his incessant rows arose from the violent expressions he was prone to use in writing and still more in speech, the latter often aggravated by alcohol. Marx was not an alcoholic but he drank regularly. . . .

The entire book breathes with that sort of surreptitious, furtive, prurient mentality. Take this introduction to the thinking of Rousseau:

> His father Isaac was a watchmaker but did not flourish in his trade, being a troublemaker, often involved in violence and riots. His mother, Suzanne Bernard, came from a wealthy family, but died of puerperal fever shortly after Rousseau's birth. Neither parent came from the tight circle of families which formed the ruling oligarchy of Geneva and composed the Council of Two Hundred and the Inner Council of Twenty-Five. But they had full voting and legal privileges and Rousseau was always very conscious of his superior status. It made him a natural conservative by interest (though not by intellectual conviction) and gave him a lifelong contempt for the voteless mob. There was also a substantial amount of money in the family.

Notice how Johnson circles like some carrion bird, looking for the weak spot. If Rousseau had been born in poverty, he could have been accused of a lifelong envy for people more fortunate than himself. But the evidence on this isn't quite strong enough. So, a brisk *en passant* sneer at the father's difficulties before deciding to convict on the charge of premodern radical chic. If this simplistic method were pursued with the least elegance or discrimination, it might deserve to be called Johnson's Fork. As it is, it is merely Johnson's projection.

Or take the following, which shows the abyss of moral chaos into which Johnson's lurching footsteps have carried him:

> In his ascent to power, Hitler consistently was most successful on the campus, his electoral appeal to students regularly outstripping his performance among the population as a whole. He always performed well among teachers and university professors. Many intellectuals were drawn into the higher echelons of the Nazi Party and participated in the more gruesome excesses of the SS. Thus the four *Einsatzgruppen* or mobile killing battalions which were the spearhead of Hitler's "final solution" in Eastern Europe con-

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> tained an unusually high proportion of university graduates among the officers.

This slipshod, hysterical, clumsy passage (*Intellectuals* marks Johnson's final break with any claim to style) is a distillation of every fault and crime in the book:

(1) It contains a stupid confusion between the notion of being educated and the notion of being an intellectual. This sort of lethal crudity was found among the cadres of the Khmer Rouge. ("Oh, you wear *spectacles*, do you . . . ?")

(2) It contains what elementary logicians call an "undistributed middle": Certain intellectuals harbored illusions about Hitler, therefore intellectuals are Hitlerite. This puerile solecism is, in various forms, the whole scheme of the book.

(3) It represents a dishonest rewriting of a dishonest earlier volume. In his turgid and apologetic *A History of Christianity*, Johnson made use of the same rather questionable survey of SS members to show that an alarmingly high percentage of them had been practicing and confessing Roman Catholics. On that occasion he wrote that although the fact was uncomfortable, it didn't prove anything.

(4) It is an insult to the exceptional number of German intellectuals, Jewish and non-Jewish, who went into exile or suffered gross persecution rather than compromise with the New Order. The most famous of these were secular leftists, the species of intellectual whose defamation is the principal purpose of this book. Still, in his witless hatred of the type, Johnson doesn't scruple to generalize, or to license the hatred of the intellectual and the university, which was the special contribution of fascism to modern discourse.

I haven't the least idea whether Johnson considers himself, or wishes to be considered by others, an intellectual. But there is an element of self-hatred in these clotted pages that prompts the question. I don't just mean his sly, semiconscious elision in point (3) above. On page 283 he retells the old story of the *New Statesman* and the suppression of George Orwell's dispatches from Barcelona in 1937. As it happens, I wrote about this episode in the *New Statesman* about a decade ago, saying that the editor at the time, Kingsley Martin, had acted deplorably. It was Paul Johnson, by then a well-paid-up member of the barking, foaming British right, who wrote in to attack me, to defend Martin and to call his censorship of Orwell a perfectly defensible exercise of the editorial prerogative. Yet here he is in 1989 making it seem as if Martin's decision was a classic symptom of the decline of the West.

There is a slightly unsettling emphasis on the sex lives of the great minds in this book. Edmund Wilson, it seems, was another spanker. Karl Marx was worried about boils on his Johnson. Victor Hugo and Tolstoy just could not leave their Johnsons in peace. You know the sort of—thing. But it is in one of the few sex-free sentences in the chapter on Bertrand Russell that Johnson gives himself away. Describing some of Russell's many self-contradictions on the nuclear question, he says that the old philosopher "tore off, following the howling banshees of logic." I choose to regard this as a revealing criticism. Having condemned the educated, he despises the logical. What is next if not an attack on reason itself? And sure enough, we get it. Evelyn Waugh turns out to be the model intellectual and the model of personal probity, because he "was never a man to underrate the importance of the irrational in life." Absurdly, Johnson tries to undergird this position by inept reference to the writing of George Orwell, already misrepresented and caricatured by him in an earlier passage. He suggests that Waugh, the friend of Franco and knee-jerk Jew-baiter (and, I must add, my favorite English novelist of this century) was on the way to annexing Orwell on his deathbed.

Well, facts are stupid things, as Johnson's favorite President once had the goodness to remind us. But on his deathbed, Orwell was actually working on a review of *Brideshead Revisited*. How I wish he had completed it. Still, the notes survive:

> W's driving forces. Snobbery. Catholicism. Note even the early books not anti-religious or demonstrably anti-moral. But note the persistent snobbishness, rising in the social scale but always centering round the idea of continuity/aristocracy/a country house. Note that everyone is snobbish, but that Waugh's loyalty is to a form of society no longer visible, of which he must be aware.

For Johnson, who appears to be ignorant of this commentary, awareness comes in altogether different guises. As he says on page 72, in his flailing and pitiful account of the life of Karl Marx:

> An unusually intelligent Prussian police agent who reported on him in London noted. . . .

And again, five pages later:

> On 24 May 1850 the British Ambassador in Berlin, the Earl of Westmoreland, was given a copy of a report by a clever Prussian police spy describing in great detail the activities of the German revolutionaries centered around Marx.

It's difficult to know whom Johnson admires more: the Prussian police spy or the Earl of Westmoreland, whose mere name is a magic caress to him. But this book is written by a would-be informer and stool pigeon, who would gladly sniff the sheets and snoop through the drawers and run lolloping drunkenly back to dump the trophy at his master's feet. On every page there is something low, sniggering, mean and eavesdropped from third-hand. How right that it should have drawn an enthusiastic endorsement from Norman Podhoretz, another moral and intellectual hooligan who wishes he had the balls to be a real-life rat fink.

Something occurred to me as I put *Intellectuals* on the chuck-out shelf. It is a book so sordid and comical that it discredits even its ridiculous author. Yet apparently nobody—family member, colleague, publisher, drinking companion—told Johnson to pull the chain on it. It seems, then, that he can't have a true friend in all the world. Perhaps it is this that makes his prose so hateful and lunging. "Look at me, I'm fouling myself again!" Sorry, Paul. Now that I remember, I suppose I always knew that this was going to happen.

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ARTICLES.

HUMAN GENE TRANSPLANTS

Scrambling for Biotech Bucks

JOHN W. ANDERSON

In early April, three researchers at the National Institutes of Health hope to inject a gene obtained from bacteria into ten terminally ill cancer patients. If their experiment is successful, a small firm named Genetic Therapy Inc. may be on its way to considerable wealth.

The experiment is the stuff of science fiction made real, but it is also the latest development in the increasingly loud debate over biotechnology and its uses. Among the many questions raised by the transplant is whether Federal scientists who have done their basic research with tax dollars should be cutting potentially lucrative deals with private corporations. And more important: Is the general public being adequately advised about and protected from the myriad consequences of this experiment and the many more like it that are expected to follow into the 1990s?

W. French Anderson, Steven Rosenberg and R. Michael Blaese, the three N.I.H. scientists, are not implanting the gene to cure the patients. Instead, it will act as a marker to help them study the effectiveness of an experimental cancer treatment that uses a special type of white blood cell known as a tumor-infiltrating lymphocyte, or TIL. The researchers will remove a quantity of TILs from the patients, isolate them in culture and infect the cells with the foreign gene. These altered cells will then be placed back into the patient's body. The TILs, as part of the cancer treatment, attack the tumors of the patients being tested; their effectiveness in fighting the disease, the researchers say, will be demonstrated by the number of gene-marked TILs that find their way to the tumors of the ten patients.

Rosenberg and Blaese are handling the cancer treatment itself, while Anderson's job is to infect the TILs with a retrovirus carrying the foreign gene. (A retrovirus, in simple terms, is a piggyback vehicle that can be used to transport material into a cell by penetration.) To do that, N.I.H. turned to Genetic Therapy Inc. for help. Located in Gaithersburg, Maryland, this small, for-profit company of twenty scientists has developed the retrovirus that Anderson will use. For this and future work, N.I.H. signed a cooperative research and development agreement with G.T.I. on April 19, 1988. Anderson and N.I.H. will receive a share of any profits gained from a licensed product developed from Anderson's transplant research. Anderson's financial participation is permitted under the Technology Transfer Act, signed by President Reagan in 1986, which gives Federal scientists the right to benefit monetarily from their work.

Anderson is chief scientist of the molecular hematology laboratory at the Heart, Lung and Blood Institute of N.I.H. and is considered the world leader in human gene transplant research. The commercial value of his work is still speculative, but many biotech experts believe it will one day be worth billions of dollars. That's because Anderson's main goal is not simply to mark cells but to use foreign genes as a means of permanently curing genetic diseases, the application known as human gene therapy. About 3,000 diseases are caused by genetic defects, including sickle-cell anemia, muscular dystrophy and leukemia, all of which may respond to gene therapy. "I have spent thirty years studying how to create the possibility of having gene therapy cure people of their diseases," Anderson says. "That possibility, hopefully, is now becoming a reality."

Wallace Steinberg, a founder of G.T.I. and one of its principal investors, agrees. "By the year 2000, I believe that one-third of all treatments for patients will be done by turning genes on and off," he says. "I have the strategic sense that gene therapy is going to be something really big." The company is spending $3 million on human gene therapy research this year, almost all of which is going toward its collaboration with Anderson and N.I.H. Almost half the scientists at G.T.I. went there directly from Anderson's laboratory. M. James Barrett, president of the firm, says it's just a coincidence and that he did not "raid" the lab. Barrett says he went after these particular scientists for G.T.I. because they are "the best in the business." Anderson adds, "The way things are arranged with G.T.I., I now get far more resources and personnel than the government can ever provide. I have a lab capability that is double what I had before G.T.I., and next year that capacity will be triple what I have now."

Under the agreement, Anderson will work with G.T.I. to find a means of genetically producing CD4 in the body. This biological substance has been shown to be effective in preventing HIV, the AIDS virus, from attacking human cells, by acting as a decoy—the virus attacks CD4 rather than parts of the body. Anderson and G.T.I. also hope to devise genetic gateways for possible cures for various liver and blood diseases. Whether or not he produces all these ambitious scientific breakthroughs, G.T.I. officials claim, the basic research generated by the geneticist will mean steady profits for the company. "Our technology base alone from Anderson will be profitable well before any products ever exist," says Steinberg. But these profits will be shared with Anderson only up to a point. Under the Technology Transfer Act, the researcher is limited to a maximum of $100,000 annually from private collaborative agreements.

Such restrictions do not apply to gene therapy researchers from academia. Richard Mulligan, a leading scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research, co-founded Somatix of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Somatix is looking for ways to use gene therapy techniques as a means of curing hemophilia, according to a report in last November's *Scientific American*.

John W. Anderson is a freelance writer and independent television producer who lives in New York City.

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Another gene therapist, Theodore Friedmann of the University of California, San Diego, is working closely with Viagene, a small company located just off campus in La Jolla. Such free enterprise makes some Federal researchers envious and sets them searching for ways to exceed the $100,000 cap on their outside earnings. Recently, Robert Glazer, a researcher at the National Cancer Institute, was found to be soliciting donations from private citizens for a research foundation he had started to find a cure for leukemia. Glazer had managed to obtain a corporate grant of $500,000 for his work as well. The government advised him to cease this collection activity and Glazer complied.

N.I.H. officials are worried about Federal biomedical researchers' rising interest in making money as more and more corporations invade government labs in search of potential profits. The Institute of Medicine, a branch of the National Academy of Sciences, reported in February that increasingly scientists are pushing themselves to produce research rapidly; one result of this pressure is substandard scientific findings and sometimes fraud.

Federal scientists now often withhold data for proprietary reasons. Rosenberg, Blaese and Anderson, for example, held back valuable information during an early phase of the approval process for the transplant experiment, according to a *New York Times* report on October 20, 1988. The N.I.H. researchers protected their data from competitors by making sure they were published first in scientific journals, a move that so angered N.I.H.'s human gene therapy subcommittee that the panel initially refused to approve the experiment. After some bureaucratic infighting, the experiment was finally sanctioned. But in the eyes of many critics, both the experiment and the process by which it has been approved seriously undermine the public interest.

One such critic is Jeremy Rifkin, the biotech activist who heads the Foundation on Economic Trends. Rifkin has filed a lawsuit in Federal District Court against N.I.H. to halt the gene transplant attempt on the ground that N.I.H. ignored its duty to provide a public forum for comment on whether the gene-marked TIL experiment is justified. For Rifkin, there are social and ethical concerns. "There are just too many questions that have to be answered before this experiment goes forward," he says.

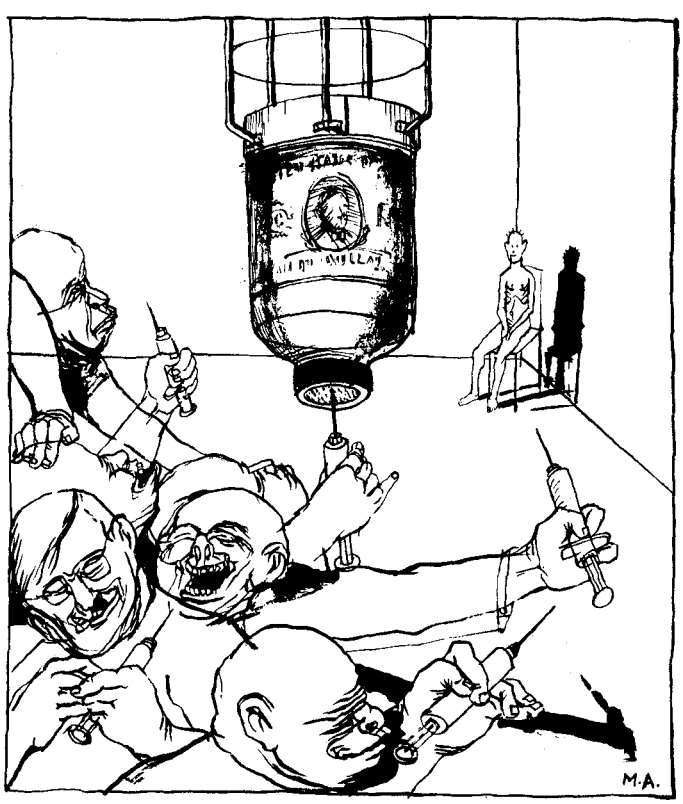
One of the biggest issues not addressed, Rifkin says, is how gene therapy trials will protect the interests of the patients. Rifkin claims that N.I.H. does not sufficiently safeguard those interests. To remedy this, he proposed that the agency form a Human Eugenics-Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee. N.I.H. officials refused, claiming that proper protection is already in place for gene transplants. Most of that protection, maintain N.I.H. officials, is assured in a patient's right to "informed consent."

Informed consent in most states requires that physicians reveal all research being conducted on their patients: A doctor must first disclose the purpose of the research, then make sure the patient understands the risks involved and enters the experiment voluntarily. Anderson says that the risk in a TIL transplant is minimal, since the genes are being used only as markers and not as therapeutic agents. Rifkin disagrees: "What we are talking about here is changing the basic genetic blueprint of a human being, which has to be one of the greatest powers we have ever faced as a society. You can't say there are no risks in that kind of power."

Richard John Neuhaus, a New York City Lutheran pastor who is director of the Rockford Institute Center on Religion and Society, contends that any manipulation of the genes in a human, even for marker purposes, should be suspect. Gene control to Neuhaus is an invasion of "the inner sanctum of what it means to be human. Any assertion of technological control over the human condition such as this should be considered eugenics." In West Germany, biotech experimentation has been seriously hampered by a strong environmental movement, which has tapped memories of the Nazi experiments in eugenics.

That fear has been linked with gene therapy by critics like Neuhaus ever since Martin Cline, a research hematologist at the University of California, Los Angeles, attempted the world's first gene therapy experiment in 1980. Not authorized by the school or the Federal government, it involved an attempted alteration of bone marrow cells obtained from patients in Italy and Israel. These patients were suffering from beta thalassemia, a genetic disease caused by a single gene that fails to produce the protein hemoglobin in red blood cells. Cline inserted new genes into the defective bone marrow cells and then replanted the cells in his patients. The experiment was unsuccessful. U.C.L.A. stripped him of his job as chief of the department of hematology and oncology and the government canceled many of his grants.

Inevitably, Mary Shelley's tale of science gone awry enters the gene therapy controversy. Dr. Willard Gaylin, president of the Hastings Center in Briarcliff Manor,



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New York, calls this the "Frankenstein factor," which he describes as "an anxiety that we shouldn't fool around with Mother Nature and tamper with God's work." But he adds, "We have always changed nature and that is what makes us human. We don't have wings, but we can fly. We don't have gills, but we can go under water in submarines."

W. French Anderson and his team, however, are not building 747s or submersibles. They and other biotechnicians are tinkering with the very essence of life. To do so at all is hazardous enough. To do so in an atmosphere increasingly marked by greed invites calamity. □

'THE GUATEMALAN SOLUTION'

Waging War to Prevent War

JENNIFER SCHIRMER

The argument for U.S. military aid to Guatemala, one of the worst human rights offenders in the hemisphere, has passed through several stages since 1986, when a civilian president, Vinicio Cerezo, took office. At first, the aid was supposed to create space for democracy; next, it was to forestall a military coup. Now, with the Administration of George Bush readying a request for $9 million in new military aid, the argument has taken a new twist: The money is designed to shore up not only Cerezo but his Defense Minister, Gen. Héctor Alejandro Gramajo, against a threat from more hard-line officers. The basic principle of providing U.S. military aid to Guatemala is no longer contested, even by liberals in Congress.

The reason is a group of lower- and middle-ranking officers, known as the Oficiales de la Montaña, who led a military uprising last May. Although officially regarded as unsuccessful, the coup attempt forced significant concessions from the civilian government, including the termination of a dialogue with the country's guerrillas, the closure of Soviet and Cuban news agencies, the dropping of an economic package that included wage increases and the firing of the Interior Minister, Juan José Rodil.

But who are the Oficiales de la Montaña and how different are their policies from those of the High Command under General Gramajo? A recent exclusive interview with key members of the group, including its leader, Maj. Adolfo López Díaz, a former member of G-2 (military intelligence), suggests that the differences within the Guatemalan Army are over tactics rather than goals or philosophies.

The Oficiales are graduates of the vicious counterinsurgency campaign of 1978-83, which destroyed 440 indigenous villages, killed or "disappeared" between 50,000 and

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75,000 people and left as many as 200,000 orphans. They believe that scorched-earth tactics are the only way to defend Guatemala against those they classify as subversives and terrorists. This is what is now referred to in El Salvador as "the Guatemalan solution." Once the guerrilla threat had been neutralized, elections were held (or, as one military lawyer told me, "ordered"). This allowed Cerezo to take office but left intact the structures of counterinsurgency, such as the obligatory service in civil patrols, and model villages constructed side by side with military bases in order to congregate, re-educate and monitor the rural population.

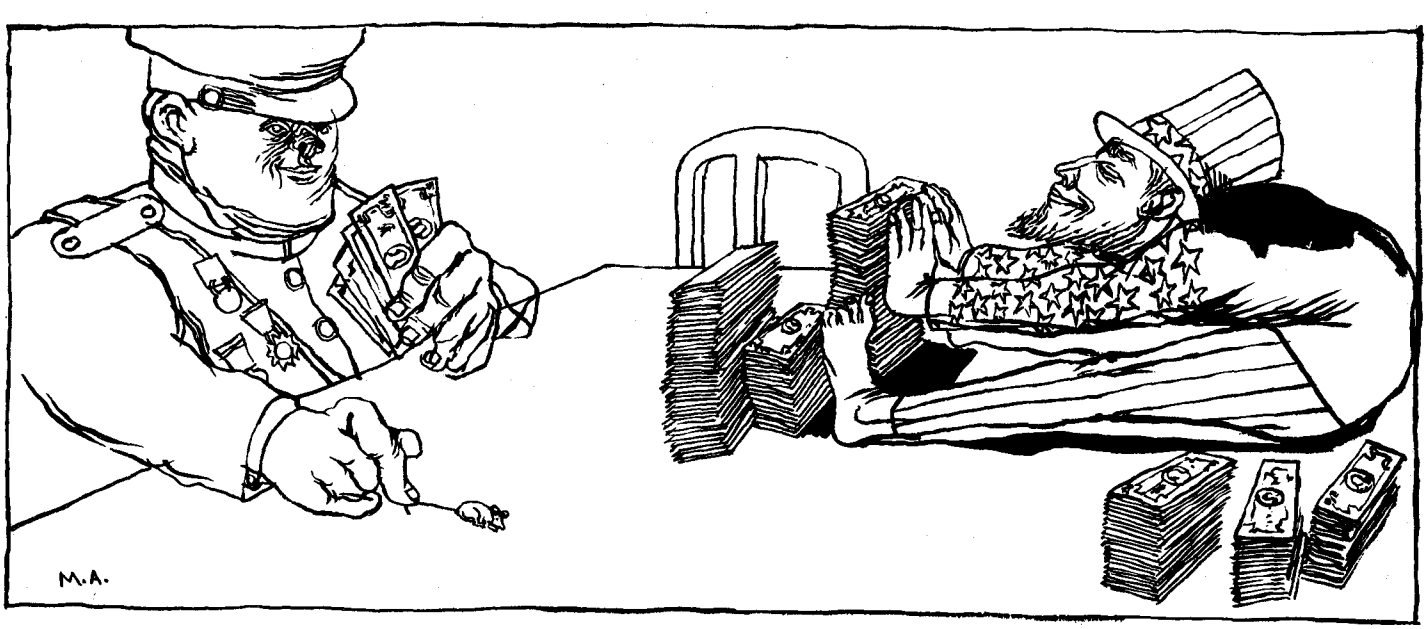
To hear the Oficiales talk, they are worlds apart from their commanding officers. According to López Díaz, "On one side, [there is] the High Command making itself rich, and on the other the officers in the mountains, watching their soldiers and officers die fighting." He says the High Command under Gramajo has become "an instrument of the Christian Democrats," who are in turn "instruments of the Communist Party." He is alarmed by the presence of "many Marxists in the government" and denounces Cerezo himself and senior members of his government as "drug traffickers" and "subversives." Gramajo he describes as a "Communist without balls."

But once the conversation moves beyond the intense resentment of junior officers forced to fight a continuing dirty war and turns to their philosophy of military-civilian relations, the differences recede. The Oficiales reflect the new sense of independent professional identity that has taken root in the Guatemalan military in recent years. The armed forces see themselves as guardians of the state itself rather than simply of the oligarchy, as economic planners, political managers and even an entrepreneurial class in their own right. "We understand well," the major goes on, "that in a guerrilla war one does not win only in the military field. That is only a small part. The field of battle is the entire country." He adds that "the army cannot allow itself to become involved in a civil war [as in El Salvador]. It must keep this from occurring at whatever cost." Even, if necessary, by means of a pre-emptive state of siege.

This belief that one must wage war in order to prevent war is the central sophistry of national security doctrine. It is the assumption on which the entire practice of the Guatemalan Army has been based for more than twenty years, and there is no evidence that General Gramajo himself rejects it. In one army forum on counterinsurgency in June 1987, Gramajo spoke of the army's belief that only a consolidated counterinsurgent state would insure Guatemala's survival. "We continue our operations against international subversion because the Constitution demands it," Gramajo explained. He went on, "Our strategic goal has been to reverse Clausewitz's philosophy of war to state that in Guatemala politics must be the continuation of war. But that does not mean that we are abandoning war; we are fighting it with a broader perspective." The officer in charge of army public relations interprets this to mean a "legal war with arms." And Gramajo's Deputy Chief of Staff, Gen. Juan Leonel Bolaños, adds, "Basically, power is the capacity to sustain war."

The Guatemalan Army—as an institution, over and above any of its constituent factions—has accommodated the structures of civilian government to the purposes of national security. The military dominates public policy decisions; its so-called civil affairs section is the continuation, on a more selective basis, of the preventive pacification methods used in recent years. It is aimed, as the officer in charge put it to me, "at preventing the proliferation of foreign ideologies."

That there is a split within the Guatemalan military is undeniable. But it is an argument only over *how* the military creates "security" and maintains order by waging perpetual war on its own population. Within this logic of national security, civil and human rights are at best conditional, at worst nonexistent. And "democracy" is not a belief in a system of rights but an instrument for identifying and proscribing oppositional ideas, as well as a tactic to gain international legitimacy. The real difference between the Cerezo-Gramajo alliance and the Oficiales de la Montaña is that the Oficiales refuse to make even a pretense of playing the public relations game, aimed at Washington, that Gramajo appears to have mastered. □



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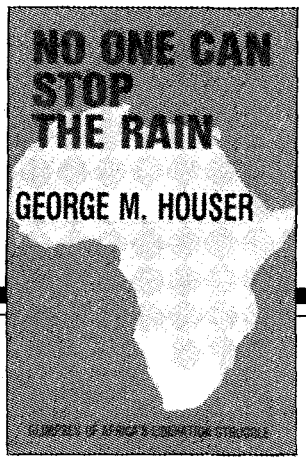

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AIDS AND HOMELESSNESS

Thousands May Die in the Streets

SARAH SCHULMAN

Two years ago, Ralph Hernandez was kicked out of his New York City apartment after his AIDS-related symptoms cost him his job with a window replacement company. Since then, he's lived in building stairwells or in the waiting rooms at Grand Central Station. At one point he went to the Ward's Island Men's Shelter, but he could stay only one night because of threats from residents who saw his skin lesions in the group shower. Living on the streets he has aggravated these sores on his legs, making it difficult for him to walk or stand in line—things he must do to get food, use a shower or find a change of clothing. "I was told by the V.A. hospital to keep the sores on my legs and body clean and to get plenty of rest and good nutrition," Hernandez says. "I told them I was homeless, but they gave me no referral to a place to stay. Nor was I given any treatment or medication. Workers at the shelter never approached me about my condition or offered me assistance or advice, so I returned to the street."

According to the Partnership for the Homeless, of the more than 90,000 homeless people in New York City, up to 8,000 have AIDS or AIDS-related complex (ARC). To date, the city has provided sixty-six beds for their care. Last October, Mayor Edward Koch announced that an additional 838 beds would be made available by 1991. But with an estimated 400,000 New Yorkers currently testing positive for HIV and a majority of them expected to develop AIDS or ARC, the partnership estimates that by then there will be between 130,000 and 180,000 people with AIDS or ARC in need of housing.

New York City is the most extreme example of the emerging crisis, but the convergence of AIDS and homelessness is becoming increasingly evident around the country. Few cities have undertaken projects specifically designed to address the emergency, in part due to the overwhelming burdens already shouldered by AIDS service organizations and homeless advocacy groups. At present, Los Angeles has only three shelters, with a total of twenty-five beds, for homeless AIDS patients. The San Francisco Health Care for the Homeless Project has set up one city-funded residential program for homeless intravenous drug users with AIDS, which serves between five and seventeen clients. According to Cynthia DeLouise of Columbus House, a shelter in New Haven, Connecticut, that also serves some of the homeless who have developed AIDS, "There is an increase in those who must use our shelters because there are no adequate services

Sarah Schulman's third novel, After Dolores, *will be published in a paperback edition by New American Library in May.*

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in the city. People are discharged from the hospital and come directly here."

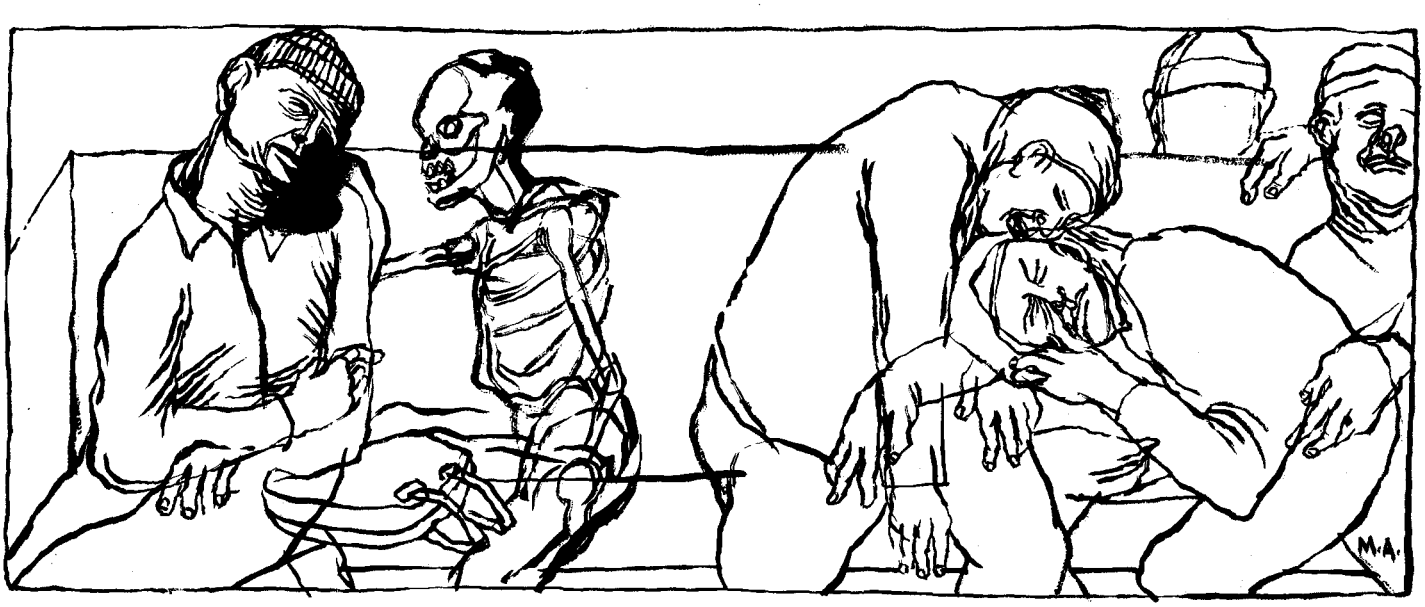
Who are the AIDS homeless? No one knows how many were forced out on the street after the disease wiped out their jobs, homes and savings, or how many were infected after they lost their housing. In an attempt to address the gap between their increasing numbers and the lack of adequate housing in New York City, last July the Coalition for the Homeless filed a class-action suit charging that the city was not fulfilling its mandate to find emergency housing appropriate to the medical needs of all homeless people. The suit is filed in the names of Ralph Hernandez, Kenneth Mixon, Michael Snyder and Wayne Phillips, who, as Vietnam veterans, members of racial minorities and drug users, are perhaps most representative of homeless people with AIDS. In January, State Supreme Court Justice Edward Lehner granted a preliminary injunction agreeing with the coalition's complaint and urging the city and state to take immediate action.

According to Judith Berek, assistant deputy commissioner of the division of adult services of New York State's Department of Social Services, there is no problem. "In New York," says Berek, "when H.R.A. [the Human Resources Administration] determines that a person has AIDS and requires special housing, it provides such housing. In addition, medical care is provided." But sixty-six beds hardly provide adequate care. Moreover, Berek is referring only to those diagnosed under the official definition of full-blown AIDS as established in the early 1980s by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.). Dr. Stanley Yancovitz, director of Clinical AIDS Activities for Beth Israel Medical Center, disputes this definition. "In terms of vulnerability to infection or how ill a person may be, a distinction between C.D.C.-defined AIDS and other symptomatic HIV infection is artificial and illusory. Many persons have become ill and died from HIV-related illness without ever meeting the criteria for C.D.C.-defined AIDS." So while New York City's division of AIDS services provides rent support and placement assistance to 20 percent of the AIDS homeless, it refuses to help the vast majority who have ARC or are HIV-positive and have tuberculosis or chronic diarrhea, for example. "I don't know how many times," states Ginny Shubert, a lawyer involved with the coalition's class-action suit, "I've heard someone say, 'Your client would be a lot better off if he had full-blown AIDS.'"

New York State's Department of Health does require that any shelter resident who gets close enough to a doctor to be diagnosed as having AIDS must be hospitalized until appropriate housing is found by the Human Resources Administration. As a result, many people with AIDS often stay in hospitals for longer terms than is medically necessary. Dr. Ernest Drucker, executive director of Montefiore Medical Center's drug abuse treatment program, estimates that on any given day at least 250 AIDS patients are in the city's public hospitals because they have no other place to go. According to Dr. Jerome Ernst, chief of respiratory and infectious diseases at Bronx-Lebanon Hospital, more than one-third of these patients die before housing is found.

At present there are thousands of people with suppressed immune systems living covertly in shelters or on the streets and receiving no medical attention or special services. The New York City shelters house as many as a thousand people in a single large space. These warehouses are noisy, dirty, smelly and are often either brutally hot or underheated. Flu, pneumonia and tuberculosis are rampant and adequate rest and nutrition are impossible. Because the shelters close during the day, people with symptoms such as chronic diarrhea are forced out onto the street.

Deniece Clarke is a 35-year-old black American born in the Bronx. A longtime i.v. drug user, she and her 9-year-old daughter have AIDS. Another child of hers has already died of the disease. Deniece has Kaposi's sarcoma, an AIDS-related cancer found more often in gay men than in drug users. She has had two lesions surgically removed, paid for by Medicaid, and applies a salve to her skin. She does not know the name of her medicine. After becoming homeless, Deniece and her children were placed in the Martinique Hotel, a notorious single-room-occupancy establishment on



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West 32nd Street only recently shut down by the city. They lived in a one-room fortress where the ever-playing TV set drowned out the violence of the hotel's hallways and staircases. Deniece is beginning to develop neurological disorders and is no longer fully in control of how she frames her sentences.

New York City paid $1,600 a month for Deniece's room. For appliances, she brought a refrigerator from the Bronx and a hot plate. Her diet commonly consisted of pickles, hot dogs and applesauce, although meals were available in the hotel's cafeteria. Now that the Martinique is closed, she has been relocated to another one-room apartment in Manhattan, this one also costing the city $1,600 a month, at least twice the market rate. Yet, if her "buddy," a white lesbian volunteer from the Gay Men's Health Crisis, or her social worker were to find a larger apartment at a lower rent in better condition, the city would not subsidize the cost, preferring to pay H.R.A.-approved landlords.

Deniece's daughter is lucky to be staying with her mother. Many children with AIDS have parents who are dead or in jail or who are otherwise unable to care for them, most often because of drug addiction. There are also significant numbers of these children who have been abandoned to the hospitals. While children represent only a small percentage of AIDS cases in the United States, their numbers have doubled annually. In New York City one out of every eighty newborns in 1988 tested positive for HIV antibodies. About half of those babies will develop HIV-related illnesses. In neighborhoods where drug use is common the rate was one in twenty-five. Up to 900 infected babies will be born in the city this year. "Children beginning their lives on the margin of society," says James Hegarty, a medical student at Harlem Hospital, "are often isolated from the love and care they deserve. Our nation must develop a coherent, comprehensive program that includes improved housing, home care and respite care for these disadvantaged and chronically ill children."

The largest group of the AIDS homeless are single men. Traditionally, AIDS has been discussed in terms of middle-class gay men on the one hand and "underclass" i.v. drug users on the other. However, a survey done by the Rev. Julio Torres, then director of community support services at the Franklin Avenue Shelter in the Bronx, found that while only 5 percent of the residents said they were exclusively homosexual, 50 percent reported having had homosexual sex. Thus, while few in the homeless population may have gay identities, many have gay realities. Only one-third said they used i.v. drugs. For this reason groups like the AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power (ACT UP) are advocating the distribution of free needles and condoms in the shelters.

New York City, which is the largest landlord in the nation, holds thousands of empty apartments while real estate prices continue to guarantee mass homelessness. Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin admits that out of the more than 200,000 city-owned apartments, 3,540 are empty. He claims that 1,700 need only minor repairs and could be rehabilitated for $15 million. Repairing all the city-owned housing would cost only $63 million, Goldin says, and could be completed in a little over a year.

But so far, despite the real emergency in the streets and shelters, the city's response has been negligent in the extreme. On March 28, thousands of AIDS activists plan to besiege City Hall to protest the Koch administration's inaction in the face of the imminent collapse of the city's overburdened and underfunded health care system. Such protests are vital. Without them, the combination of racism, homophobia, health care for profit and a firmly entrenched social psychology of denial virtually guarantees that thousands of people will have nowhere to die but the streets. □

Opus Dei

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

the old-time religion has been preserved—ironically, thanks to Communism." John Paul's rigid anti-Communism likewise reflects his Polish background. Distrustful of the pluralism in democracies, he is also suspicious of those who oppose strongly anti-Communist dictatorships, such as the progressive bishops and priests of Chile.

John Paul's world view, which some U.S. bishops liken to that of former President Ronald Reagan, might have been better understood had more people been aware of his association with Opus Dei, a secretive Catholic movement that gained ascendancy in Franco's Spain. As Archbishop of Kraków, John Paul visited Opus Dei centers in Europe, and a collection of his speeches at these gatherings was published by Opus and sent to the Vatican Secretariat of State. At the time of the funeral of John Paul I, the future Pontiff made a pilgrimage to the Roman tomb of Msgr. José María Escrivá de Balaguer, Opus Dei's founder.

"The Work," as Opus Dei is popularly known, is heartily disliked by many bishops for its secretiveness, intrigue and right-wing tendencies, and earlier Popes kept it at arm's length. But upon his accession, John Paul II elevated Opus to a worldwide prelature, giving it the status of a major religious order, such as the Jesuits. It has since formed part of a powerful group of Catholic organizations, some of U.S. origin, that promote the Pope's political agenda—and that of U.S. conservatives.

"Opus responds . . . to the Pope's idea of creating an army of lay people who are both consecrated and at the same time capable of being active in the temporal world under Rome's control," explained Juan Arias, Vatican correspondent for the Spanish newspaper *El País*. "He likes their activism, their anti-Communism, their internal compactness where no plurality of ideas exists." Opus also responds to John Paul's yearnings for the "perfect society"—to quote a phrase he often uses—of the Middle Ages, when church and state were inseparable and the church was the only source of spiritual salvation. This is known as integral-

Penny Lernoux is The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent. This article is adapted from her new book,* People of God *(Viking), and is the first installment of a two-part article.*

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ism, and although most Americans have probably never heard the word, it is familiar in Europe and Latin America, which have experienced fascist corporate states. Such governments trace their roots to the medieval estates and guilds: Instead of political parties, different sectors of society (for example, capital, labor, farmers and professionals) are supposed to be represented by modern versions of the guilds, although in practice, under Franco, Mussolini and, more recently, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, only the capitalists and the landowning classes have benefited. Such a system has held considerable appeal for the Catholic Church, which has lost much of its earlier power through the rise of labor movements and political parties that espouse socialism and democratic egalitarianism. The forerunners of fascism in Spain, France, Germany and Austria, playing on middle- and upper-class fears of political domination by the masses, portrayed themselves as the champions of law and order, Christian morality and private property. These fears were shared by Catholic leaders who, when the old order of the aristocracy gave way, tended to align themselves with the new integralists.

John Paul appears to believe that the Vatican can impose its perfect society on a late-twentieth-century world, absurd though this may seem. In 1987, for example, he forced the Italian bishops to take a partisan stand on behalf of the Christian Democrats during the general election campaign. After Vatican II the bishops, led by Pope Paul VI, had distanced themselves from Italian politics, but John Paul insisted on dragging them back into the fray, thereby ending a twenty-five-year tradition of nonpartisanship. Papal loyalists in the United States, such as New York's John Cardinal O'Connor and Boston's Bernard Cardinal Law, have followed a similar line, insisting that Catholic politicians uphold Rome's teachings against abortion and divorce or face ostracism from the local church. But the Pope's political ambitions may not be limited to social issues: According to one well-informed U.S. archbishop, Rome hopes for the eventual establishment of a Catholic Party of the United States similar to the Christian Democratic parties of Europe and Latin America.

Opus Dei, with its integralist outlook, is a good example of the Pope's political and religious ambitions. Although it has not attracted many recruits in the United States—about 3,000—it enjoys the support of similarly elitist Catholic organizations that draw their membership heavily from the Republican corporate right, such as the Knights of Malta. Opus is more active and influential in Europe and Latin America, particularly in Spain, Italy, Chile, Peru, Colombia and Mexico. According to Opus spokesmen, the movement's 74,000 members direct or influence 487 universities and high schools in eighty-seven countries, as well as fifty-two radio and television stations, 694 publications, thirty-eight news and publicity agencies and twelve film and distribution companies. (Opus-controlled universities place strong emphasis on journalism.) Most members are well-to-do professionals—Opus purposefully recruits among the rising middle

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classes—and some have held high positions in their countries' governments. In Chile, for instance, Opus members and sympathizers were among those who supported the Central Intelligence Agency–backed coup that overthrew President Salvador Allende. Hernán Cubillos, who founded *Qué Pasa*, a magazine under Opus Dei's influence, became General Pinochet's Minister of Foreign Relations. He was later identified in a number of news reports as having close links with the C.I.A.

Opus "serves a function for the political right and power holders," said a student of the movement in Latin America. "Its strong endorsement of a class society can also be used as a rationale by the middle and upper classes to justify their life styles, even though they may not be members. And because it serves the purpose of the upper classes, it is able to exert an influence on the political and economic situation." A Spanish priest made a similar observation about the influence of Opus bankers and industrialists in Europe: "They want to stop the growth of socialism and pacify the labor movement through religion."

Although Opus Dei's beginnings were relatively humble, the charismatic personality of its founder, Monsignor Escrivá, opened doors to the influential and wealthy. Born in 1902 in a small town at the foot of the Spanish Pyrenees, Escrivá was the son of a tradesman. In those days the priesthood was one of the few openings to higher education for Spain's poorer classes, and when Escrivá entered a seminary he also began work toward a law degree. By 1925 he was both lawyer and priest. In 1928, while celebrating mass, he had a celestial vision telling him to form Opus Dei. The vision was colored by Spanish asceticism and Escrivá's longing to cleanse the world of sinfulness. Physical mortification—one of the more controversial Opus practices—was not uncommon at the time among traditional Spanish Catholics, but Escrivá tended to overdo it. He frequently flagellated himself so violently that his bathroom walls were spattered with blood. For most of his life he wore a "cilice," a metal chain with sharp tips that prick the skin, Opus Dei's preferred instrument of self-torment.

Escrivá was also influenced by the Spanish Civil War, which interrupted his plans for the movement and unleashed massive persecution of the church. He fled to Burgos, which was controlled by Franco's forces, and there wrote his most famous work, *The Way*, a compendium of 999 maxims that became Opus Dei's spiritual handbook. The civil war intensified his militant anti-Communism, but he was also impelled toward the political right by the longing of a petit bourgeois to be accepted by the aristocracy. In 1968 he successfully petitioned the government for a title that had belonged to an eighteenth-century nobleman. The same elitism was reflected in Opus Dei's rigid hierarchy and its early emphasis on recruiting from the "intellectual" class—those with university degrees. Escrivá saw himself as a latter-day knight, leading the faithful into battle against godless Communism. It was for this war that he needed educated men who would influence and change society, intellectuals who would as-

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sume command of government, industry and finance. Escrivá used money and the aristocratic title to persuade people to adopt his conservative brand of Catholicism. Those not convinced, who did not understand the need to be saved, would learn through "holy coercion" and "holy forcefulness."

Asceticism, anti-Communism, rigid hierarchicalism and religious militancy thus became the distinguishing marks of Opus Dei. But secrecy—another characteristic of the Work—has earned it considerable disrepute. Internal documents and the testimony of former members show that, unlike most religious orders, Opus has followed a deliberate policy of keeping its membership, hierarchy, rituals and rules hidden. Many former members say that if they had known what they were getting into they would not have joined. Until 1982 the minimum recruiting age was 15; it has since been raised to 17, but one former official said that Opus recruiters continue to lure children of 8 or 10 into its clubs. The recruitment of minors raised strong feelings in some church circles. In response to parents' concern that the Work had alienated their children, a 1981 directive by England's Basil Cardinal Hume advised the movement not to recruit people under the age of 18.

Escrivá's mania for secrecy reflected his conviction that in a society like Spain's, with its strong strains of anticlericalism, recruiting would be easier if performed by lay people who did not identify themselves with a priestly caste or religious organization. But what began as a tactic developed into an elaborate facade for dictatorial powers, as shown by the secrecy surrounding the 479-article Constitutions that governed the membership completely between 1950 and 1982 and apparently continue to do so in part. (In 1982 a Codex, a new constitution, was promulgated, but in a concluding article it states that the Constitutions will continue in effect for all the obligations not covered in the Codex. Those obligations, described in detail in the Constitutions but not in the Codex, are the source of Opus Dei's tight control over its membership.) Former and active members have said they know nothing of the articles in the Constitutions.

Many devout people are members of Opus Dei. Dozens are convinced that by praying to Escrivá, who died in 1975, they have received miraculous help. But Opus is also an efficient machine, dominated by fundamentalist European priests, that seeks broader international influence. Although Opus disclaims this, insisting that its task is solely to guide members toward correct moral choices, there is a fatal duality in its scheme: While it pushes members to succeed as adults in the secular world, it treats them like children in religious matters. "You need a director [a priest] in order to offer yourself, to surrender yourself . . . by obedience," Escrivá told his followers. (He spoke of his recruits as the "nursery.") Through weekly confession, "heart-to-heart" talks, or "confidences," and other contacts, members of Opus receive instruction on every aspect of their lives. On the one hand they are told, "Obey and you will be saved," noted Father Pedro Miguel Lamet, former director of the Spanish religious weekly *Vida Nueva*. On the other, they are urged to succeed in a competitive world in order to attract new members and to defray Opus Dei's considerable financial costs. The conflict between child and adult often ends in rebellion against a "religious prison," as one recruit described it, and explains why Opus has produced so many disillusioned former members.

Although onetime members say that Opus Dei gives more importance to the Father (Escrivá) than to the Pope, John Paul seems not to mind. He often praises the movement's dedication, and personally ordains its priests. He has also appointed Opus members to important positions. Joaquín Navarro-Vals, a Spanish adherent, was named Vatican press spokesman, and an Opus Dei priest became a top adviser to the powerful Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, the latter-day version of the Inquisition. The Work's priests and sympathizers have been appointed bishops in Latin America and Europe through the good offices of Bernardin Cardinal Gantin, head of the Congregation for Bishops and an Opus Dei sympathizer himself. The congregation's secretary, Archbishop Lucas Moreira Neves, who was later named Cardinal of São Salvador, Brazil, also looks favorably on Opus, as does Eduardo Cardinal Martínez Somalo of Spain, for many years the second highest official at the Secretariat of State.

Indicative of the damage that Opus Dei can inflict is the rapidly changing situation in Peru, where, in addition to controlling a university, it counts seven bishops as members, one-ninth of the country's total. Birthplace of the theology of liberation, Peru in the early 1970s took the lead in encouraging religious support for popular empowerment, startling the Vatican with an endorsement of socialism. In the following decade the number of religious vocations shot

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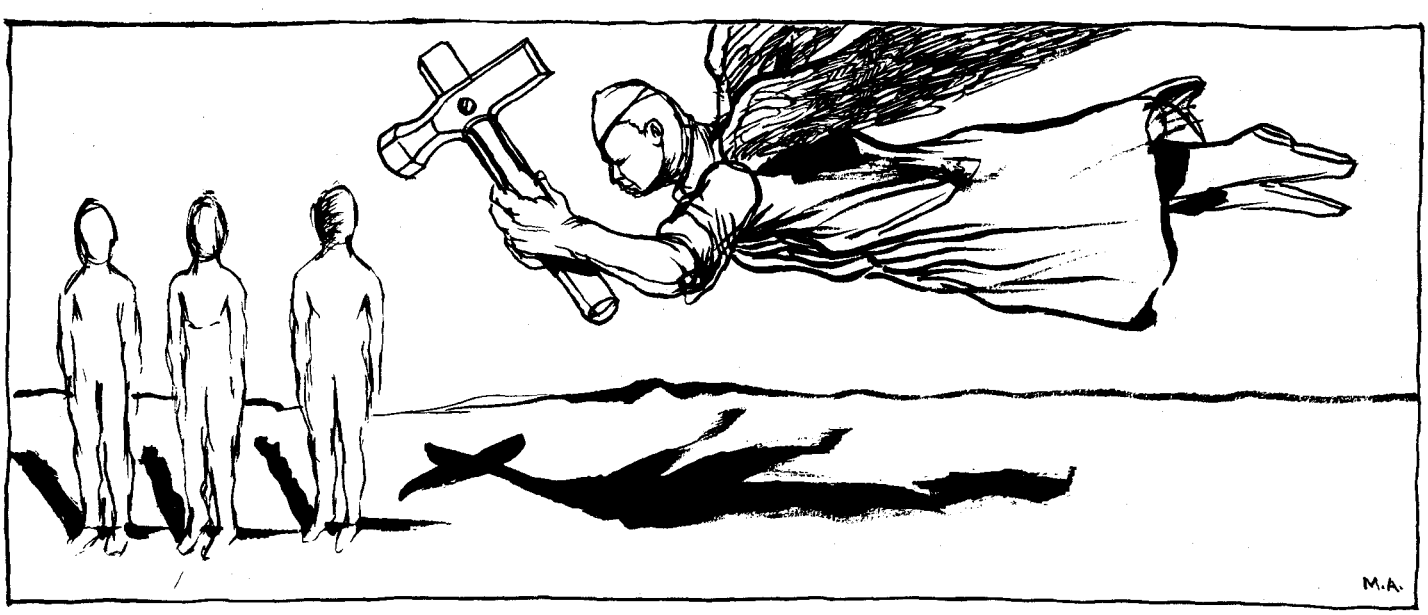
up, and many of the young priests and nuns went to work in slums or impoverished villages to help the people organize. But after John Paul's election a cold wind began to blow over the Andes, and by 1985 all Peru's archdioceses were controlled by conservatives, save Lima, where the aging Juan Cardinal Landázuri Ricketts held firm. But Landázuri is due to retire, and when he leaves it is unlikely that the few remaining progressives in the hierarchy will be able to withstand pressure from Rome to cease sponsorship of church work that empowers the poor. Landázuri's departure may also clear the way for a Vatican condemnation of the Peruvian priest Gustavo Gutiérrez, the father of liberation theology.

Latin America's economic elites and their allies in the United States and Europe have been seeking such sanctions for nearly a decade. Since 1980, when Reagan's Latin America advisers attacked liberation theology for challenging "productive capitalism," it has frequently been denounced as a source of "Communist" agitation among the masses, most recently at a regional conference of the chiefs of Latin America's armies. While it was the Bible, not Marx, that inspired the theology, progressive Catholic leaders have used it as an instrument to subvert the status quo by encouraging the poor to challenge unjust economic and political structures. Despite his frequent exhortations to respect human rights, the Pope frowns upon this activism because he senses a faintly Marxist odor about people who are fighting an anti-Communist establishment. The solution, he believes, is to give more power to groups like Opus Dei—hence its ascendancy in Peru, Chile, Brazil and El Salvador, where progressive church leaders have been systematically replaced by right-wing papal yes men.

Although Opus Dei does not enjoy the same influence in the United States, it cooperates with Legatus, a high-powered businessmen's group founded by Catholic millionaire Thomas Monaghan, owner of the Detroit Tigers, and the Knights of Malta, whose U.S. membership comprises a Who's Who of the Catholic Republican establishment. Both Legatus and the Knights of Malta have ties to a U.S. variation of Opus called Word of God, which enjoys Vatican support, has links with the C.I.A. and, like Opus, is active in Central America [see part two of this article, appearing next week].

U.S. church sources say the importance of such groups stems not from the size of their membership, which is relatively small, but from papal approval. While many U.S. bishops are opposed to the secrecy, intrigue and elitism that characterize "the movements," as they are known in Vatican parlance, others, particularly the more than 100 bishops appointed during John Paul's reign, are more susceptible to Vatican directives. Cardinal O'Connor, for example, has welcomed Opus Dei priests to the New York archdiocese, and Cardinal Law has frequently shown Opus favor, even traveling to Spain to ordain its priests. O'Connor and Law also favor Opus Dei campus ministries for universities in their areas, including Columbia, Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Liberal bishops worry less about possible inroads by Opus—most students are turned off by its dogmatism—than about the portent of papal intentions. Were the U.S. church to uphold John Paul's "perfect society," it would not only deny its own history of respect for the separation of church and state but also risk being reduced to a marginal church similar to that of the Protestant fundamentalists. Yet the signs are not encouraging. Confrontations have become increasingly frequent, and ugly, between hard-line bishops and Catholic politicians who refuse to vote as Rome directs.

The subtleties of U.S. political culture, which has traditionally balanced the tensions between religion and democracy, are beyond the grasp of a Vatican bureaucracy heavily weighted with Opus Dei advocates and a Pope reared in an East European tradition of "Obey and be saved." But as public opinion surveys show, most U.S. Catholics are not about to obey, particularly in sexual matters. Nor do they believe it necessary to agree with the Pope in order to be good Catholics. They don't want his "perfect society," and, the surveys suggest, the more it is forced on them, the more they react like Americans, not Roman Catholics. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Growing Up Red Blues

ZACHARY SKLAR

LOYALTIES: A Son's Memoir. *By Carl Bernstein. Simon & Schuster. 262 pp. $18.95.*

Carl Bernstein lived the dream of many a "Red-diaper baby." By breaking the Watergate story with Bob Woodward, he brought down a President. And not just any President—Nixon was the one, the most treacherous Red-baiter ever to occupy the White House. At the same time, Bernstein bagged a Pulitzer Prize, turned out a couple of best-selling books, became a celebrity portrayed by Dustin Hoffman in an Oscar-winning movie and gained instant acceptance as a major player in the power-and-status game of the corporate media. To Bernstein, the Watergate story must have represented both vengeance and vindication, for it satisfied impulses that had been in conflict within him since boyhood—a rebel's indignation at government by cabal and an outsider's yearning for inclusion in "normal" American society.

Few knew it in the early 1970s, but Bernstein was the son of former Communist Party members whose lives had been shattered two decades earlier in the ugly era that Nixon and Joe McCarthy came to symbolize. *Loyalties: A Son's Memoir* is Bernstein's attempt to come to grips with his family's experience during that perilous time. His parents resisted the project from the start, and Bernstein dropped it several times for more visible, less painful work in mainstream journalism. But over a period of thirteen years he persisted. The result is this provocative and important, if sometimes cryptic and disjointed, account.

It joins a list of impressive memoirs and novels that deal with the lives of children of Communists, including *We Are Your Sons*, by Robert and Michael Meeropol; *The Book of Daniel*, by E.L. Doctorow; *The Romance of American Communism*, by Vivian Gornick; *Endless Love*, by Scott Spencer; and *In My Mother's House*, by Kim Chernin. As a Red-diaper baby myself, I have always felt a special warmth for these writers, as if we belonged to the same extended family. And I am grateful to them for helping illuminate the complex emotional landscape inhabited by those who grew up Red in the 1940s and 1950s.

Delving into his family history, Bernstein explores some of this same terrain: the struggle for mutual respect between a rational, somewhat impersonal father and a passionate, enraged son; the ostracism of a family; the stammering inability of parents and children under siege to decipher the mixed messages passed between them; the extraordinary emotional charge of political activism.

Long before Carl's birth in Washington, D.C., in 1944, his Jewish middle-class parents had centered their lives around left-wing causes. His mother, a secretary for the Federal government, got involved with Spanish war relief in 1937, coordinating American support for the Loyalists. An instinctive radical who never read Marx or Engels, she compiled a remarkable record as a front-lines activist, building a union for Federal workers, leading a consumer movement to cut meat prices, running the D.C. area committee to save the Rosenbergs and demonstrating to desegregate the capital's restaurants and swimming pools.

Carl's father, an idealistic Columbia Law School graduate, went to Washington in 1937 to investigate the railroad industry for the Senate Commerce Committee. He quickly joined the United Federal Workers of America, which was part of the fledgling Congress of Industrial Organizations, and became a shop steward, eventually organizing a variety of workers from prison guards at Alcatraz to custodians at the Capitol. After President Truman issued an executive order in 1947 setting up loyalty boards to investigate Federal workers, Carl's father went to work full-time for the union. He represented more than 500 of those investigated, until the union (by then the United Public Workers) was drummed out of the C.I.O. in 1950 and fell apart. Although Bernstein says his father "wanted more than anything else to participate in the events of his day," he found himself excluded at the age of 40.

Bernstein's parents joined the Communist Party in 1942 and drifted out five years later, having attended fewer than twenty meetings. Nevertheless, the Federal Bureau of Investigation harassed the Bernsteins over thirty-five years, assembling more than 2,500 pages of files on them. (It is amazing that Nixon didn't find a way to use this material against Carl during the Watergate years.) They were forced to testify before three witch-hunting Congressional committees. They lost their government jobs. And the progressive movement that had given shape and purpose to their lives was itself destroyed.

All this directly affected Carl. His account of the turmoil he felt as a boy is engaging and touching. At the age of 7, he was self-consciously holding hands with black children and sitting down at lunch counters in the old-fashioned Southern city of Washington, helping his mother's committee enforce desegregation laws that had been ignored since 1872. At 9, he was stuffing envelopes and picketing the White House with the Washington Committee to Secure Justice for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. On the night of the Rosenbergs' execution in 1953, he cried uncontrollably in terror. "The Rosenbergs were *familiar*," he writes. "To a child the connection was unavoidable: if they could be executed, what was to prevent the execution of one's own parents, particularly one's own mother?"

When Carl was 10, his mother's photograph appeared on the front page of *The Washington Post*, following her uncooperative testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The next day at school a kid called Carl's mother a Communist. All the boy's pent-up rage surfaced, and he got into the biggest schoolyard brawl of his life. Later that day, his best friends, forbidden by their parents to see him, simply vanished from his life forever.

Carl's ambivalence about these events reflects the double message that many Red-diaper babies got from their parents: Be proud of your ideals, stand up for what you believe, but keep the family secrets, be a good student and don't get hurt. So although Carl was an activist, leading his Jewish youth group into civil rights issues, he also rebelled by becoming a "patriotic nut." He supported Ike for President, led the Pledge of Allegiance at school and became an air-raid warden. He wanted a bar mitzvah like his friends, with lots of presents, and when his parents objected he accused them of being atheistic Communists who didn't real-

Zachary Sklar, a freelance writer and former Nation *editor, is currently at work on a novel dealing with his own experience as a Red-diaper baby.*

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ly believe in freedom. They relented, and Carl had his bar mitzvah, with the F.B.I. in attendance, taking down license plate numbers.

Although Bernstein describes a couple of scrapes with the law that vividly dramatize his fear and rage in these years, he only hints at the emotional dynamics within his family. His parents are reluctant to talk about their feelings, and his sisters are barely mentioned. A friend of his parents tells him that there was chaos in the home, implying that all the noble political organizing may have led to neglect of the children. But the book never adequately addresses this issue, and the fair question of how much Carl's conflicting feelings may have been related to the broader political situation and how much to personal problems remains unanswered.

Nor does Bernstein reflect on how his childhood experiences may have informed his adult life. Given his background, I would have appreciated hearing more about, for instance, his decision to go into the Army in 1968 at the peak of the Vietnam War, his choice to drop out of mainstream journalism and his attitudes toward raising his own sons.

Rather than plunge deeper into the autobiographical material, Bernstein unfortunately turns outward to present a mini-history of Truman's Executive Order 9835. While this tangential foray provides some valuable context, it ends up diluting the emotional power of the personal narrative.

Issued on March 21, 1947, Executive Order 9835 required that more than 2 million Federal employees undergo F.B.I. checks to evaluate their loyalty to the government, and boards were set up at each agency to investigate fully the cases the Bureau deemed most suspicious. Disloyalty was never defined. Accusations came from anonymous informants, who reported not about the employees' political activity but about their association with organizations designated "subversive" by the Attorney General. The accused had no right to confront the accuser or to judicial review, where the presumption of innocence, cross-examination and normal rules of evidence would apply. Thus, as Bernstein shows, the oft-forgotten loyalty order set the tone for the entire witch-hunting era that followed.

From 1947 to 1954, more than 8,000 people lost their jobs with the government under Executive Order 9835. To illustrate the injustice, Bernstein describes at length the dismissal of Emily Geller, a personnel worker at the National Institutes of Health and a secretary of Local 203 of the United Public Workers. Since Geller was never a member of the Communist Party and had virtually no left-wing background, her case effectively reveals how anyone could be victimized. Perhaps equally important to Bernstein, it also shows his father—whom he had come to regard as frail, absent-minded and helpless—defending her eloquently and fearlessly against the kangaroo loyalty board. This vision of a man at the peak of his powers, before the "reign of terror" sent him into eclipse, restores the son's respect for his father.

However, the focus on Geller's clear-cut case obscures the crucial point about the loyalty hearings. It was not merely, as Bernstein implies, that the government wrongly persecuted people who were never Communists. It was that the government had no right to investigate anyone not accused of a specific crime, whatever their political affiliations or beliefs. In the 1940s and 1950s this principle should have applied as much to members of the Communist Party as it did to Emily Geller—just as today it should apply to Puerto Rican *independistas* or members of Cispes or any organization the government may consider subversive.

For much of Bernstein's book it is not clear that he shares this principle. He expresses so much anger at the Communist Party and at his parents for refusing to discuss their affiliation openly that he sounds like a man who believes, on some level, that they got what they deserved. His jousting with his parents about the party is one of the book's main themes. Carl seems to have internalized a view one might find in *Commentary* or on some network talk show: that the party consisted largely of humorless, dogmatic, bureaucratic Stalinists who took all their orders from Moscow and wanted to overthrow the U.S. government through violence.

Bernstein's parents' perception is quite different. His mother says, "There was nothing *subversive* about [the Party and its members]. That is what I resent most—the idea that there was something sinister. They did a lot of good things." His father claims that the party had nothing to do with his union and adds that "people were persecuted because of what they did, not because of their affiliation." At pains to point out that the union, not the party, was central to their political lives, he insists that neither he nor his wife

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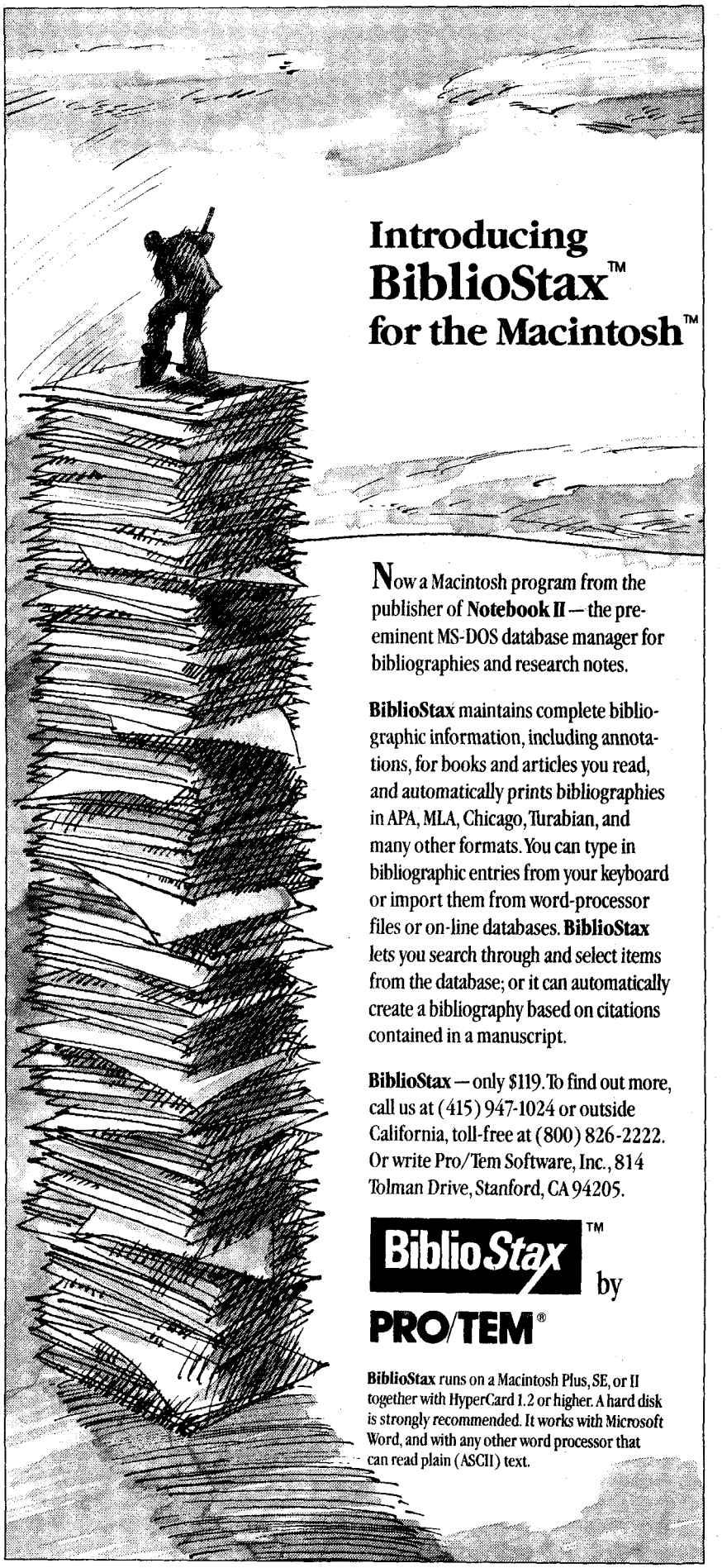
took orders from anyone.

Both mother and father, now relatively secure and happy, plead with Carl not to mention their former membership in the party. "If you center on this," his mother worries, "I think it's going to shatter my life again." His father's appeal is more cerebral: "The premise people eventually accepted after the McCarthy period was that the victims weren't Communists," he argues. "If you're going to write a book that says McCarthy was right, that a lot of us were Communists, you're going to write a dangerous book."

Such strained reasoning does not impress Carl. "He was presuming that the truth is counterproductive, that it's damaging," Carl writes. "I couldn't make that assumption or work that way." Eventually, though, he comes to understand that his parents' objections are based on legitimate fears. As an adolescent he had viewed the Communists' talk of being swept away in the night to concentration camps as evidence of their paranoid lunacy. But after discovering J. Edgar Hoover's preparations for just such a dragnet, he recognizes "that the nightmare apparitions of my childhood were not without foundation, and that perhaps I should pay a bit more attention to what my parents and their friends had told me."

Pondering his parents' arguments for avoiding The Question, he wonders how he can "be honest and not hurt people." Finally he decides to write truthfully, acknowledging his parents' party affiliation but examining it "in terms of what they actually did." It is a courageous choice. Too many former Communists have lived behind a wall of secrecy. And too many of their children—having learned early that truth could result in a lost job, abruptly ended friendship, imprisonment or even death—have inherited a legacy of evasion and fear.

Although many Red-diaper babies, myself included, have tended to see our McCarthy era experience as unique, in many ways it was not so different from the experience of others stigmatized by American society. The antidote to our fear and isolation has been provided by these others: gays and lesbians who come out; African-Americans who say it loud, "I'm black and I'm proud"; incest victims who go public; substance abusers who go to meetings where the first words they utter are, "I'm an addict"; the disabled who demand access to facilities so they do not have to stay out of sight, out of mind; Nisei survivors of internment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camps and Jewish survivors of the Holocaust, and their children, who will not let the world forget.

It is not easy to write a book about your parents over their objections or to name names of Communists when you grew up believing that there could be no greater act of disloyalty. But in writing *Loyalties* this way, Carl Bernstein has sent an unashamed (albeit at times unflattering) love letter to his parents, showing the world honestly who they were, what they did and stood for, and whom they stood with and against. For their brave struggles, the elder Bernsteins deserve respect and admiration. And for his attempt to get at the truth, their son deserves thanks. □

PBS Meets *Knots Landing*

ELAYNE RAPPING

UNION SQUARE. *By Meredith Tax. William Morrow. 437 pp. $18.95.*

When is pulp fiction not pulp fiction? Or, to put it more bluntly, when is it not trash? For some, the answer is clearly never. Popular fiction's characterizations tend to be shallow, lacking psychological subtlety and complexity. It generally favors action and plot over style—simple expository prose rather than poetic nuance and ambiguity.

Such are the charges often (and more or less accurately) brought against Meredith Tax's *Rivington Street* and its recently published sequel, *Union Square*. Both shamelessly employ the conventions of popular historical fiction in the manner of John Jakes or Gloria Goldreich, the kind of stuff a lot of us wouldn't be caught dead reading on the subway or leaving around our living room.

But what if a writer wanted to reach "the people who needed it most," as Tax once said in an essay on her work. What if, like Alice Walker—whose much-criticized decision to let Steven Spielberg film *The Color Purple* was based on a desire to have women like Celie, her rural Southern heroine, see it—she wants to engage a mass audience? That's not just a legitimate question, it's a crucial one for those of us who see art, at least in part, as a social act. I answer it as Tax does, and have ever since I gave my 14-year-old daughter a copy of *Rivington Street*, watched her pass it to her friends—Silhouette Young Love addicts all—and heard them discussing feminism, politics and what it means to be a Jew, with a seriousness all my lecturing never aroused.

Like *Rivington Street*, *Union Square* is a good read. It's juicy, fast-paced, full of scrumptious descriptions of food, fashion, glamorous living, romance. But that's not what makes it worth reading. Tax, unlike the others on the mass market shelves at B. Dalton, sees these details as part of a panorama of American history—political, social and, most profoundly, feminist history. *Union Square* takes up where *Rivington Street* left off, following the lives of its four heroines from 1919 to the eve of World War II.

Sarah Levy, the socialist activist daughter of a Jewish Bundist, who with her husband, Avi, commits herself to the Communist Party, remains the narrative center. But the three others—Sarah's sister, Ruby, who marries the son of a German-Jewish department store magnate and manages to resume the dress designing career her in-laws think unseemly for a matron; Rachel Sloate, a childhood friend who, as the widow of a wealthy WASP, becomes a "new woman" in the Greenwich Village world of art, free love and trendy ideas; and Tish Sloate, Rachel's lesbian sister-in-law, who leaves her life as a U.S. suffragist to live in the more sexually sophisticated world of the European capitals—all figure prominently in the working out of Tax's ambitious tale of women's history.

What's most impressive about this book is its success in bringing these women to life, allowing us to view their experience of the ways in which political, social and historical forces determine the private fates of women. It's not just Tax's cunning in drawing links between women garment workers, women department store executives and women consumers as a way of showing the fashion industry's effects on their lives—our lives—that gives *Union Square* its power. It's also the empathetic way she manages to present each woman's point of view. There's a richness here that comes from interweaving—albeit sometimes clumsily—the many factors that make us who we are. Ruby, for example, a cold, bitchy

Elayne Rapping teaches media studies and women's studies at Adelphi University and is writing a book on made-for-TV movies about women's issues.

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woman with no social consciousness and no interest in her husband or kids, could easily have come off as a Mommie Dearest monster. She doesn't though, because Tax puts her in a political context that Ruby herself would dismiss. Her sexual frigidity is not, after all, hard to understand. She has seen her sister raped in a pogrom. She has to fight for her creativity, her reason for living, because she married into a world that only allows her to be a wife and mother.

As for the others, more admirable and likable than Ruby, they too are situated in history. They are unable to find perfect bliss, the "having it all"—work, kids, material security, devoted hubby—that my daughter's generation seems naïvely to expect. But unlike other historical or romantic fiction for women, *Union Square* focuses uniquely on the kinds of women who were active participants in social change, who were consciously unhappy with what was and, for better or worse, struck out in unconventional directions. Thus Tax is able to convey a number of insights about American history, especially women's history, and politics.

Union Square has some stylistic limitations. The chapters are short, perhaps too short. Dialogue and physical detail substitute for more fully elaborated analysis. Hundreds of characters, including many historical figures, flit through the pages like actors in a TV miniseries viewed in fast-forward. The reader's head sometimes swims as Tax jumps from Washington Square to the Left Bank to prewar Berlin to Palestine to Russia.

On the other hand, this technique serves the author's purpose. Her aim is gargantuan: to show how everything—really, everything—that was going on in those years related to and affected everything else. The relationships between art and politics, political theory and historical and personal reality, economics and daily life, to list only a few themes, all figure in this ambitious though simply written book. Just when the descriptions of party infighting begin to bore, we switch to women lounging in stylish houses, wearing gorgeous kimonos and gossiping. PBS meets *Knots Landing*. And why not?

Tax's well-researched and extensive treatment of virtually every major movement or trend of the period enriches her story. But I disagree with her depiction of the U.S. Communist Party and of Zionism. Both, interestingly, are represented by men. Sarah's husband, Avi,

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the only wholly obnoxious character in the book, is a party functionary who ultimately embraces Stalinism. Ruby's husband, Ben, a socialist Zionist, is the most attractive male character, a romance hero straight out of Barbara Cartland. While Tax's politics make some sense from a feminist perspective—Labor Zionism was more hospitable to women than the C.P. was—both movements were more complicated than the Avi/Ben contrast suggests.

Nevertheless, Tax's achievement in *Union Square* is impressive. My daughter, now older, loved this one too, and learned a lot from it about youthful feminist ideals and history's way of cutting us down to size. Once again, she's shared the book with her friends. Both she and I look forward to Tax's next installment. □

Understanding Impressionism

PAUL MATTICK JR.

IMPRESSIONISM: Art, Leisure, and Parisian Society. *By Robert L. Herbert. Yale University Press. 324 pp. $60.*

THE PAINTING OF MODERN LIFE: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers. *By T.J. Clark. Princeton University Press. 338 pp. Paper $16.50.*

In the eighteenth century, Greco-Roman sculpture was unequivocally the exemplar of art for European artists and connoisseurs. If there is any body of work that plays a remotely comparable role in the cultural mythology of the so-called West today, it is Impressionism. Degas's dancers and bathers; Renoir's nudes and groups of young people having fun; Monet's landscapes and garden scenes; Manet's scenes of Parisian street and cafe life—these pictures, not the rigors of Cubism or undecipherable abstractions furnish the reproductions people hang on their walls, the postcards they send, the museum shows they pack.

For art historians, Impressionism has different meanings. It was the first avant-garde style, attacked by the critics, experienced as grotesque and offensive by all but a minority of the art-loving public of its time. It eventually gained acceptance and wide adoption as a commercially accepted style, only to be in turn challenged by the chain of avant-gardes that structures the received history of modern art. This story of opposition and acceptance has become such a cliché for us that we tend to forget its peculiarity. How could art so innocuous and lovely once have seemed dangerous and ugly? The movement from conflict to integration is discoverable in so many areas of bourgeois society that it seems characteristic of the social order that gave itself the name "modernity." Universal suffrage and trade unionism, for instance, once seen as threats to the very existence of class hierarchy, eventually proved to be useful supports of social order. As leftists mourn the passing of the labor movement, art writers fret about the obsolescence of the avant-garde. It takes effort to remember both sides of such stories: capitalism's ability to absorb oppositional energies but also the tendency of its continual self-transformation to provoke their appearance.

It was Meyer Schapiro who first looked at Impressionism in these terms, in a brilliant essay published in the short-lived *Marxist Quarterly* in 1937 ("The Nature of Abstract Art," reprinted in his *Modern Art*). Schapiro noted the Impressionists' focus on experiences not of active engagement but of aesthetic enjoyment of the spectacles of town and country, and showed how the methods of painting they invented reproduced the sensibility of "the urban promenader and the refined consumer of luxury goods." That freedom of enjoyment and mobility came with certain costs, Schapiro observed, above all alienation from the world of labor and from earlier social ties. T.J. Clark pays tribute to Schapiro's article as the starting point for his own study of *The Painting of Modern Life*, recently reissued; Robert Herbert's debt is evaporated into the dedication to Schapiro of his new volume, *Impressionism*, along with a mention in the preface and a bibliographical entry. The repressed predecessor returns, however, via Clark's book, described as having "almost single-handedly reoriented the field," and so the two books can be usefully considered together.

Herbert follows Schapiro in the identification of Impressionism as an art of leisure, and specifically of those modes of pleasure that developed within the modern Paris of the Second Empire and Third Republic. His book has the form of a catalogue of sites and varieties of such enjoyments: the great boulevards newly constructed by Baron Haussmann; the cafe and cafe-concert; the theater, ballet and opera; parks, gardens and the races; the suburbs and seashore as extensions of urban life beyond the city's limits. In each case Herbert tries to illuminate the paintings, well reproduced in color throughout this large-format book, by setting them in their social and historical context. The basic principle is "the impossibility of separating form from subject." Herbert's procedure, in accord with this dictum, is to combine formal and content analysis of the pictures with an assemblage of facts of social history, to demonstrate correspondences between the two. Throughout, he emphasizes the "modernity" of Impressionistic method as well as imagery, as response to and embodiment of novel features of the emerging social world.

The general aim of his study, Herbert tells us, is to explain why leisure and entertainment are at the heart of Impressionist art. His explanation rests on "the view born of the industrial revolution which separates life's finer things from work. Leisure, nature, beauty, femininity, and culture are loosely grouped together, in opposition to labor" and to the businessman's money-defined focus on "utility." Whereas the Romantic artists of the first half of the nineteenth century expressed the values of spontaneity and creativity in images of nature and dramatic tales set in exotic locales, the Impressionists turned for embodiments of those same values to the leisure activities the bourgeoisie took over from the aristocracy in the modernizing city after 1850.

Abandoning romantic narrative for social description, their application of naturalism to these new aspects of Parisian life involved the adoption of a distinctively modern attitude toward that life, which Herbert calls "detachment," exemplified above all by the coolly observant male stroller through the city (the "flâneur"). This attitude had its methodological counterpart in painterly techniques such as the substitution of color contrasts for value contrasts as the basis for the differentiation of forms, and the use of large, distinct brushstrokes. Herbert emphasizes the extent to which the truth to vision and the spontaneity suggested by such methods is only an appearance, based in reality on the careful use of newly developed means to communicate a

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vision "that would appear to be unmediated by prior, arbitrary conventions."

Herbert is at his best in the exploration of imagery by reference to the data of social evolution; the links drawn between social evolution and formal structures, in contrast, often seem arbitrary and therefore unconvincing. The interest of Degas and Manet in horse racing, for example, is illuminated by the history of the racecourse at Longchamp, part of the Bois de Boulogne redesigned under Napoleon III; the Anglomania involved in the adoption of this English sport is connected to England's role for the French bourgeoisie as a model of modern industry and trade, and to the centrality of the horsey members of the Jockey Club to the life of the opera and ballet. Herbert's close study of pictures often yields some observation that genuinely enriches the reader's experience of the work, as in his treatment of Degas's portrait *Edmond and Thérèse Morbilli*: "The tan drapery behind him matches the illuminated side of his head so as to bring it forward and also to separate him from the compartment of space in which the woman is found. Her space is a confined one, and its drapery echoes the color of her dress to mark it as hers."

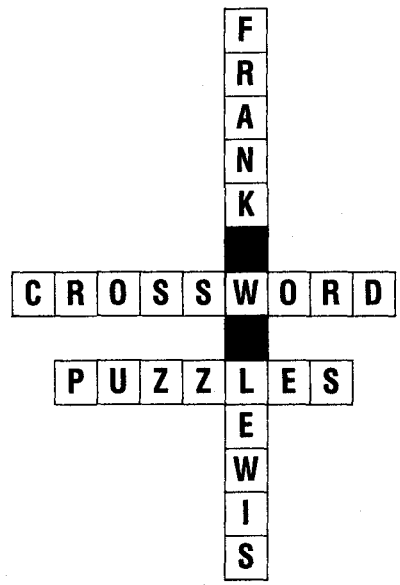
On the other hand, his formal analyses can sound quite odd, as in this description of Manet's *The Races at Longchamp*: "The horses are pinned down by the patch of foliage overhead, and pulled back by the sharply receding turf, a balance of opposites that restrains their forward surge so that the picture remains intact." This conception of pictorial "unity" as a basic value of visual art, characteristic of Herbert's analyses, treats the picture as a mechanism that would disintegrate if some mistake had been made in the construction or arrangement of its parts. Missing from such a way of looking at pictures is a sense of how the artist produced the image: the way the dark foliage might have been put in for the jockeys' light heads to be in front of, this act then setting problems to be resolved elsewhere in the picture, and so forth.

Moreover, I can't help but feel that had these particular "balancing" features not been present Herbert could have found others. Thus in his analysis of Manet's *View of the Paris World's Fair*, with its isolated examples of social types standing before the spectacle of modern Paris, Herbert is pleased to detect a pair of diagonals connecting the figures and giving the composition "something of the implacable regularity of Napoleon's and Haussmann's scheme of things." But the "implacable regularity" of Herbert's diagonals leaves out an important pair of figures and only includes another with some fudging; it has no particular relationship to the composition of the picture as a whole.

Herbert's mode of formal description has the effect of setting up pictorial structure as an autonomous realm with standards of formal virtue, which must then be brought into explanatory contact with another autonomous realm of social facts and meanings. Herbert can hardly be faulted for wishing to connect the features of Impressionist works as pictures with the social reality within which they were produced. Monet's *Bridge at Bougival* is admired for the "complicated network of geometric shapes" that express "his generation's wish to impose order and regular intervals over nature," thus speaking "unwittingly for the Second Empire's diagrams of control." But it is disturbing to remember that Herbert has also described the replacement of the straight avenues that crisscrossed the Bois de Boulogne before Louis Napoleon with the curving paths and undulating terrain the Emperor desired, as a change that made the rebuilt park "a perfect symbol of his reign." It is all too easy to discover correspondences between structures whose identification is given no explicit theoretical basis.

Is this to argue against the idea of a social history of art, that pictorial form and social reality cannot be brought into mutually illuminating relation? Art does not spring from nowhere; its history can only be a social one. Herbert's problem lies not only with his formalist impulses but also, and basically, in his apparent conception—adopted from art history's founding notion of its subject matter as an autonomous order of phenomena—of "art" and "society" as two distinct realms whose hidden interaction he wishes to explain. Perhaps the most important point made by T.J. Clark in *The Painting of Modern Life*—and the guiding idea of his book—is that art is a part of a social reality that is itself structured by representations, so that the relation between art and the history of society is one between orders of images, as well as between material practices. Thus the relationship between art and society is only one aspect of society as "a battlefield of representations."

Whereas for Herbert leisure and class, for instance, are social facts with which Impressionism grappled, Clark wishes to



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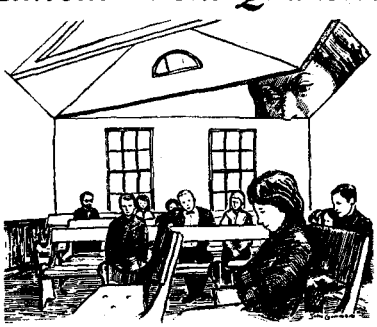

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apply the methods of criticism (one could call this the critique of images; he calls it, accurately, historical materialism) to these very concepts. Thus he speaks of class as "a name . . . for that complex and determinate place we are given in the social body." To use this name is to take a stand with respect to the social order, to picture that order in a way that is opposed to "the essential myth of modern life: that the city has become a free field of signs and exhibits," open to the roving gaze of the flâneur. That this is a myth is shown directly by the nearly complete absence of images of work and workplaces (aside from those of the artist and of artist surrogates like dancers and musicians) in modern iconography. To represent class would mean to demonstrate the resistance of certain topics to "detached observation" and the existence of boundaries between social experiences.

The idea of leisure, in Clark's view, was a central part of the mythology of modernity. It was one of the main social categories whose emergence marks the destruction of earlier forms of daily life—in the process of modernization exemplified and hastened by Haussmann's physical reconstruction of Paris—and their replacement by the commercialized enjoyments that were the counterparts of wage labor and business activity. Leisure thus became "a great symbolic field" in which claims to class identity were made and contested: "Leisure was a performance, Veblen said, and the thing performed was class." The two main areas by which Clark explores this theme are pictures of suburban landscapes and pleasure spots and pictures of the urban cafe-concert. In both cases he locates the central actor in the Impressionist dramas in a newly emerging social group, the petite bourgeoisie of white-collar workers and professionals, whose special importance for the avant-garde art of the late nineteenth century was their ability to serve as alter egos for the artists themselves.

As an ambiguous class, neither true bourgeois nor proletarian, the petite bourgeoisie embodied the "myth of modernity" that "the modern equaled the marginal." By spending their weekends at suburban recreation spots like Argenteuil they enacted their difference from the manual worker, much as Monet could play at being a wealthy man by renting a house in that town, with its garden just beyond the railroad track. And by spending evenings at glorified beer halls decked out with plush-seated boxes and crystal chandeliers, like the Ambassadeurs or the Folies-Bergère, they could take part in the production of an image of interclass unity that obscured the actuality of class divisions. Just as the visitor to the country enjoyed its rural appearance and so staked a claim to bourgeois identity in the face of the fact that his very presence there was part of its integration into the city-centered economy, so the patron of the cafe-concert established his distance from the working class precisely by playing the part of a devotee of "popular culture."

Like other writers, Herbert notes the presence of signs of industry like trains and factory chimneys in Monet's paintings of Argenteuil of the 1870s; Clark sees in Monet's work not just the recognition of modernity but the acceptance of the myth of a harmony between industry and landscape that denies the very transformation of the latter by the former that is being pictured. In a picture of a sailboat with a working factory on the horizon, "the signs of industry can be included . . . but in such a way that they hardly register as different from the signs of nature or recreation. A chimney is not so different from a tree or mast . . . the factory is a minor note, and the smoke serves to provoke various analogies—between smoke and paint, smoke and cloud, cloud and water—all of them guaranteeing the scene's coherence." Such a coherence of nature with industry is the meaning of an image like this one that modernizes a traditional artistic genre to give the new reality the attributes of earlier landscape painting. Pictorial unity here is at once formal and ideological. Clark's reading is convincing not just because it is visually acute but because his description ties the material elements of the painting to the meanings carried by (historically situated) artistic practice—Monet's, and that of the tradition of painting on which he drew.

Clark finds an alternative to such paintings in Manet's picture of a pair of suburban boaters against a background of local industry, *Argenteuil, The Boaters.* Clark's dense study of the picture's details leads him to the conclusion that "signs, things, shapes, and modes of handling do not fit together here. Paint does not make continuities or engineer transitions for the eye; it enforces distinctions and disparities, changing completely across an edge, insisting on the stiffness of a pose or the bluntness of blue against yellow." The virtue of Manet's work, that is, is its refusal of unity on many levels: In this, according to Clark, it moved in the direction of depicting the falsity of the "myth of modernity."

Manet is the hero of Clark's book; half of its four chapters are devoted largely to studies of two of his pictures, *Olympia* and *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère.* The latter is examined against the socio-semiotics of the cafe-concert. In his discussion of the former, Clark looks at the prostitute as a key image of modernity, a socially marginal figure now become central. Under the name of the *courtisane*, the prostitute figured in mid-nineteenth-century Parisian culture as an example of ambiguous and shifting class position; as an embodiment of the force of desire, soul of the emerging "consumer culture"; as an analogue to the money-hungry businessman; and as the countercategory to the "honest woman" who is the legitimate Other of the bourgeois husband in the modern gender system. The scandal occasioned by the showing of *Olympia* in 1865 was, according to Clark, due to the fact that the painting "challenged the myth of the courtisane" by depicting the whore's class—her subordination to the possessors of money—as an attribute of her body.

The argument here depends on an analysis of the genre of the female nude in mid-nineteenth-century French painting, a study of the critics' reviews of Manet's picture and a careful reading of *Olympia* itself. The nude, Clark concludes, was meant to embody a resolution of the conflict "between propriety

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and sexual pleasure," in which the female body can be put on display for the upper-class male consumers of art, and so given a place in the modernizing social order. That place is defined, roughly, as "an object of somebody else's desire"; what was to be kept invisible was the working out of that desire in a relation of male to female structured by money-defined power. *Olympia*, Clark argues, so violated this program of the nude that the critics could hardly see the picture; their experience of it as incoherent was, however, a telling reaction to Manet's deconstruction of the genre. Thus, his flat painting of her body surface and the substitution of drawing for modeling both refused the rounded beauty of flesh basic to the nude, and signified the material truth of a naked body by stressing the physical substance of the painter's materials; in this way it suggested the incompleteness (and so the fictional character) of the representation of that material truth by the conventional system of signs.

This discussion is, in my opinion, rendered more difficult to follow than it need have been, by Clark's predilection for an allusive style of language that might be called the Semiotic Baroque. His definition of class as "the name for everything which signifies that a certain history lives us, lends us our individuality" does not clarify that important concept. It is with relief that one falls from such passages into Clark's brilliant, observant, clarifying treatments of the images, and with dismay that one encounters such an assertion as that "the nude has to indicate somehow the false facts of sexual life, and pre-eminently that woman lacks a phallus." It's not enough to concede that Freud's mythology of gender "is not necessarily to be taken as the whole truth"—Clark's adoption of the dogma of the immaculate castration represents a surrender to the sort of ready-made analysis to which his work as a whole presents so splendid an alternative.

Herbert's book is more comprehensive than Clark's; if you are looking for a well-done Big Book of Impressionism, this is the one, and his text undeniably sets the art in a social context in a way that adds to our experience of these paintings. He is, for instance, sensitive to gender differentiations not discussed by Clark, such as the different conceptions of the relation of the bourgeois interior to the world of the street visible in works by artists like Caillebotte and Degas, on the one hand, and by Cassatt and Morisot on the other. But despite his wish to counter the conception of paintings "as timeless pieces of beauty that rise above social history to some purified realm," Herbert does not really challenge the idea of art and its place in our social world that underlies the blockbuster exhibition or the constructs of art appreciation. Clark's attempt to help us "try to unlearn our present ease with Impressionism—above all our conviction that its dealings with the world are somehow specially direct," with all the effort of observation and thought required to follow him, leads to a new and difficult place. There art in general as well as these familiar works gain fresh significance as the strange, uneasy bundle

SIGN LANGUAGE

Walking under the sycamore this morning
I saw the naked spear-pierced torso
of a green man among the leaves; a tiger's
striped back, sleek and gleaming, about
to leap out into the air; green swirls and
whorls of leaf, indifferent life; the
whole thing one loud shout of birds.

Later, leaving the house, I see
in my own garden a grounded kestrel
out of nowhere flashily batting her
tawny speckled rigorous wings
over the grey and white flared back
of a mockingbird in his shrill, short
screaming fit. The hawk's wild head
thrown back, her narrow neck swells
in triumph, a pitiless nerve there
rapping to get out. I can see
the hopeless flutter of mockingbird
feathers, the useless wings in
disarray, all his voices now cut down
to this one screech of terminal
terror, his graceful wide domain
of air among the tame lilacs and rhododendrons
thinning to a few pummelled inches
of wet grass where he wrestles
the inevitable. But since this mockingbird

lives in our vicinity, gives freely
of the soul in his throat
to our flowerbeds and screened porches,
I think to put myself in the way
of nature, thinking to draw him
out of the mouth of fate, and walk
with my arms raised in protest
towards the pair of them, who look, in
the sudden silence, as if they could
be making rough love. But the hawk
rises before me and lights out, bearing
away in her strict fists the still
weakly twitching singer. She flies low
over the yew hedges and rose bushes
towards the dark grove of pinetrees
beyond the metal fence that marks
the glinting edge of the golf course
where she'll finish him off. Death
is this big silence I'm standing in,
this absence, this chill shadow that
darkens—till all the small voices
start up again—our tranquil gardens.

Eamon Grennan

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of meanings they are when we really look at them. □

MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

Falstaff
Barenboim Conducts

The Welsh National Opera put on several performances of Verdi's *Falstaff* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in early February. Even though it is, in my view, both thin and labored in its idioms, it is certainly preferable to *Otello* or to the overstated grisly melodramas that Verdi spent most of his life writing. There's little evidence of Verdi's melodic gifts in *Falstaff*, which relies on busy quasi-Wagnerian patterns and a brilliant final fugue (modeled on the effective contrapuntal writing in the *Requiem*) to make its best musical effects. Still, the Welsh Opera's Italian-language production was an enjoyable and appealing affair, a stark contrast with most of the current New York City classical music scene.

The Welsh Opera's limitations are immediately obvious. There are no first-rate star performers; in *Falstaff* the lead role was sung by Donald Maxwell, an excellent actor whose rather small, thin voice could not carry in an auditorium bigger than the cozy Brooklyn house. Of the women, only Suzanne Murphy as Alice Ford was more than passable. The conductor, Richard Armstrong, was extremely businesslike with the score, like someone making a routine inspection tour of a building. But the point about the Welsh National Opera is that it is an ensemble company and *Falstaff* is, largely speaking, an ensemble opera. Director Peter Stein made excellent sense of Verdi's piece, adapted by Arrigo Boito from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Stein's method is uncluttered speed. The sets were spare and angular, the action mostly focused, except for some silly moments, for example Falstaff's "L'onore! Ladri!" soliloquy as a lecture with a blackboard. The final scene was done with extraordinary imagination: The great, many-branched oak in Windsor Forest suddenly collapsed and disappeared as Falstaff and his friends achieved a totally believable, beguilingly patterned mythical and transcendental status that perfectly accompanied the fugal music. This blend of artfulness and the natural characterized the acting as well. I had the impression—despite the orchestra's often whiny and scratchy sound—that this *Falstaff* had been talked about and planned by people who actually knew what they were doing.

There is something decidedly tonic about encountering so *amateurish* (in the literal sense of the word) a production as this in New York. Most of the time, the music is performed by far more accomplished and famous musicians with considerably less interesting results. The only other large musical center that effectively competes with New York City for the big names is, I think, London. But there greater risks are taken, more adventurous programs are put on and a wider variety in styles and performing modes are to be found. I am not speaking of avant-garde or new musical groups here, which for the most part operate outside the accepted concert paradigms, but of the regular concert series that draw the largest crowds and cost the most. In early December I happened to be in London when the London Symphony put on the first British performance of Olivier Messiaen's only opera, *St. Francis of Assisi*. It was a stunning experience as much because the music is so unexpectedly engrossing (given the work's enormous length) as because the performance was carefully and intelligently mounted, under the attentive direction of the young American conductor Kent Nagano. Such an experience is almost impossible to imagine in New York, where concert performances of operas are either slapdash or, as is the case with the Philadelphia Orchestra's recent *Nabucco*, louder and less interesting versions of the Metropolitan Opera's repertoire.

It was therefore with a good deal of interest that I attended three of the four New York concert performances given by the Orchestre de Paris under Daniel Barenboim, who has been much in the news of late. He has led the Orchestre de Paris for fourteen years, but had recently been engaged for three seasons, to begin in 1990, as director of the new Bastille Opera of Paris, which is expected to open in a few months. But he was summarily fired on January 13 after an altercation with Pierre Bergé, the supervisor of operas under the Mitterrand government (and previously head of Yves St. Laurent). The Bastille was intended to be a people's opera, with more performances at lower ticket prices than the old Garnier. Barenboim had scheduled only four months of performances for himself (at a staggering salary of $1.1 million, which he later offered to cut by 20 percent). The cast would include the usual high-flying suspects—Sir Georg Solti, Zubin Mehta, Jessye Norman, et al.—in the same round of *Don Giovannis* and *Tristans* that other opera companies were doing elsewhere. All of the performers signed on by Barenboim, including Pierre Boulez and Patrice Chéreau, have threatened to resign in solidarity with him. Barenboim said that the disagreement was between artists and businessmen, although it is not clear why artists should insist on paying themselves so much for so few performances and retain control over everything at the same time. My sympathies were not fully with either side. On the one hand, I have admired Barenboim's conducting (as opposed to his piano playing, which I have always found accomplished but pretentious and fundamentally boring). On the other, I could not disagree with the premises for his dismissal, even though the rascally nature of the businessman in question seemed obvious.

Barenboim in the meantime had been appointed to succeed Solti at the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, so there was good reason to judge him one of the world's premier, and most visible, conductors. I had heard him conduct several years ago both in Paris and in New York with the Orchestre de Paris and he had struck me as meticulous and exciting, especially in the big romantic pieces he seemed to favor. In addition, he had a sympathetic, nondominating rapport with the orchestra that nevertheless produced taut, lively performances. Barenboim, Vladimir Ashkenazy and Mehta have often spoken publicly about their common admiration for Wilhelm Furtwängler, whose spacious and generally loose sound they claimed to prefer to the tight, explosive sound favored by Toscanini-influenced conductors. Barenboim rarely reminded me of Furtwängler, but I took that to be a good thing since he seemed thoroughly his own man.

For his recent New York appearances, Barenboim scheduled Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and the second act of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. Here were three massive and complex masterworks from the central nineteenth-century romantic repertory for which Barenboim has shown such affinity. They seemed chosen to vindicate him and shame Bergé's Socialist impatience.

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Yet, in what should have been a triumph Barenboim was a far less interesting conductor. The *Damnation* was among the works I'd heard him lead on his visit five years ago. He had then primed the group for an extremely tense and even brilliant performance of this overwhelmingly original but profoundly episodic and digressive music. In this year's performance I had the feeling that he was conducting not by energy and imagination but by consensus. It was as if Barenboim, like the common run of scientists discussed in Thomas Kuhn's *Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, had accepted the prevailing norms in musical performance, the common-denominator-international-paradigmatic style—not too loud, not too soft, neither fast nor slow, complete with many soloists, a chorus and a comfy sense of being admired. The tautness had left his lines. Choral passages in which Berlioz's rhythm changed from allegro to presto and back to allegro had once been articulated with sharp, exciting precision. Now Barenboim's rhythm sagged, and to cover it he had the chorus introduce gimmicks (a silly braying here, a sudden crescendo there).

With one exception, the soloists were sadly unimpressive. They simply sang words and notes, without characterization, inflection or affect. The exception was Waltraud Meier, a gifted young German mezzo, whose warm middle-sized voice is deployed with a great deal of intelligence and tact. At 32 she already seems alarmingly professional. It was not reassuring to note that Barenboim's handpicked bass ("especially chosen by Mr. Barenboim to sing Wotan at Bayreuth"), John Tomlinson, was possessed of a voice rather too inclined to barking, a sound he produced without much variation whether he was Méphistophélès, the bass soloist in the *Missa Solemnis* or King Mark in *Tristan*. That was also the troubling thing about the maestro's performances—the lack of perceptible difference among the three works, each of which was reined in and domesticated in almost the same way.

The irony is that each work is a transgressive composition that not only defied but resolutely stood outside the expressive, harmonic and structural norms of its time. Of the *Missa*, Adorno has written that it is an alienated masterpiece, making concessions neither to religion nor to the exigencies of contemporary choral writing. Barenboim's tempi in the "Credo"—notorious for its demoniacal fugues—were so careful, so deliberately like a person

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dipping one toe, then another into a tiny pond, only to slide in unobtrusively, that all the fire went out of the piece. His soprano, Alison Hargan, who replaced Hildegard Behrens, sang correctly but also phrased abominably with a heavy choppiness that was ill suited to Beethoven; there was a decidedly profane, downright clumsy quality to her work—but that too communicated the correctness that comes from consensus.

As for the second act of *Tristan*, Barenboim was relatively fortunate in having Behrens and Gary Lakes as his main soloists. They are utterly reliable, idiomatic Wagnerians, each of whom has a surprisingly sweet-timbred, rather undramatic voice, which is quite often forced into uncomfortable blasting by Wagner's music. The *Tristan* was the third of Barenboim's evenings, and by then I had become accustomed to the unflattering sound of both Carnegie and Avery Fisher halls, at least as they were reflected in the Orchestre de Paris's playing. It is (or perhaps has become) a fairly anonymous ensemble, without either the flashy sheen of the better American orchestras or the lush, warm sound of, say, the Vienna Philharmonic. It plays well for Barenboim, understands his beat, reproduces his intentions with admirable accuracy.

I was quite disappointed in the *Tristan*, which contains the most personal and ecstatic dramatic music that Wagner ever wrote. Barenboim conducted without a score. The climaxes rushed by very quickly, even as they drowned out the singers. It wasn't speed and Toscanini-like athleticism that Barenboim delivered but rather a sort of simulacrum of what great orchestral playing sounds like. What was unfinished in the performance was due neither to insufficient polish nor imperfect technique but to the absence of synchronism between the dramatic passion of the score, the notes Wagner wrote and the personal insight of the performers. These were displaced almost entirely in favor of making an effect—competence and expertise instead of emotional intensity. Lakes and Behrens might just as well have been two straphangers on the subway for all the passion that swept them along.

Joseph Horowitz's *Understanding Toscanini* proffers the sound idea that big-time musicians tend to fill social roles and adapt their musical styles accordingly. Thus, Horowitz argues, Toscanini's American career with the NBC Symphony was designed to fit David Sarnoff's patriotic and corporate ideas about "the world's greatest conductor conducting the world's greatest music." The excesses in the leanness, harshness and narrowness of Toscanini's work therefore corresponded to Sarnoff's marketing design. A similar argument can be made for Barenboim's career and his latest conducting style, and it isn't any less depressing for being less individualistic and extraordinary than Toscanini's.

Horowitz's thesis is borne out by the clubby group of middle-aged "superstars" who refer to themselves as the Kosher Nostra. Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Mehta, Barenboim and Ashkenazy, among others, are marvelously gifted musicians who now occupy the pinnacle of classical music. They have used their virtuosity not only to pass from instrumental careers into conducting but also to hold down important positions throughout the world of music. Their playing, which is what concerns me, has never been other than perfect. But, as Sartre once said about Paris Polytechniciens, "Ils savent tous, mais ils ne savent que ça" ("They know it all, but that's all they know"). Especially in Barenboim's case, performances are about acceptability, about what the large adoring audiences of bourgeois nonmusicians expect from people in elegant white tie and tails and swinging an elegant baton. The paradigm therefore is how to resolve difficult music into an all-encompassing competence, in which appearances (rather than challenging or provocative sounds) are of central importance. The result is music that makes no statement, argues no point, displaces or challenges no previously held interpretations. It is music that confirms the power of the system that brings you great conductors performing great works, but without comment or marginal distractions. It isn't very satisfying to the ear. □

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But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
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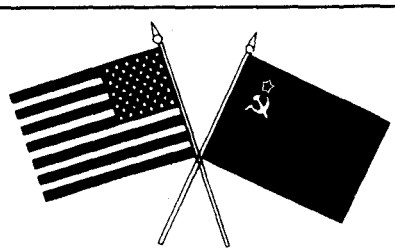

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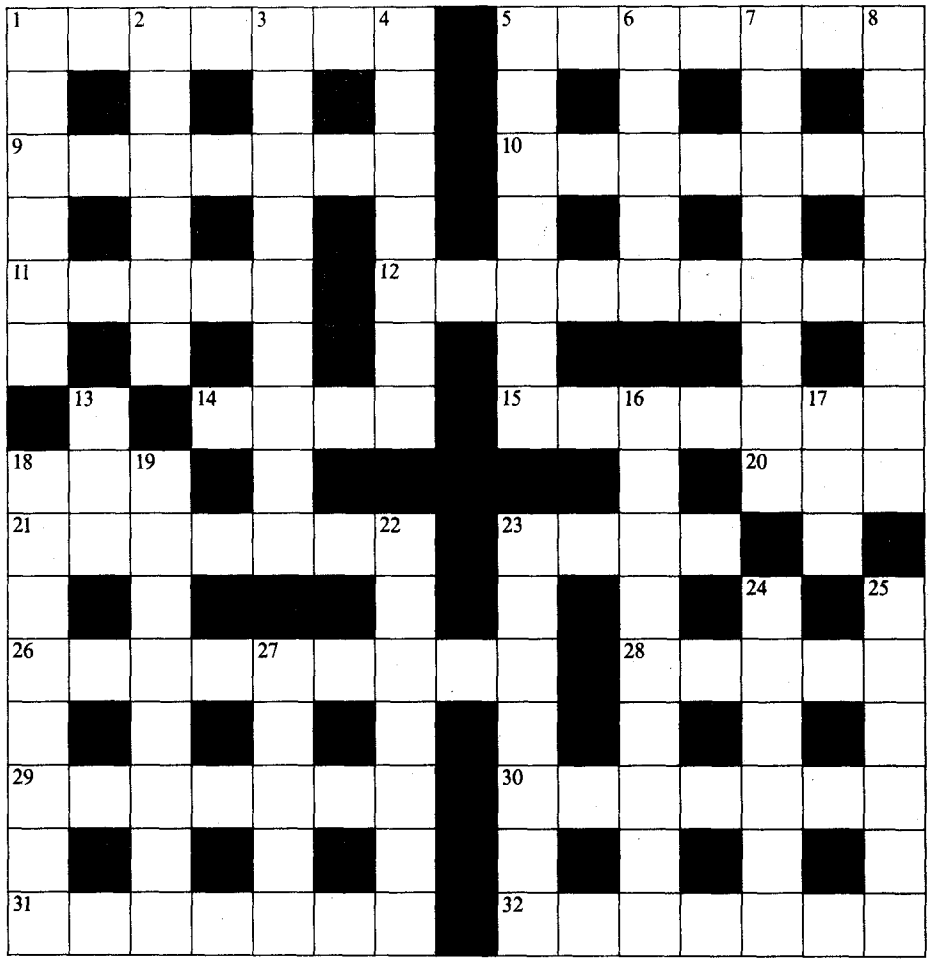

ACROSS

1 They certainly don't lead to the current directly, being proper relationships. (7)
5 Cuts in two, with little pieces falling around the center, which is dry. (7)
9 Operated in the wrong gear, but put together somehow. (7)
10 Rain storm? Put on something which goes around the middle, if you want to see the city. (7)
11 Such words were never spoken, according to the saying, if you agree. (5)
12 and 19 down It might get you off, temporarily, but the statement still seems to be hanging in midair. (9,8)
14 You might be given one, as they say, with a good start—but it's only an act. (4)
15 A word of warning to the authority of 18-20—as you can tell if you look ahead. (7)
18 and 20 For a second time, jump! (The service should be good in his place!) (6)
21 Is there only one thing to do with it—with the name dug out? (7)
23 It might be tense, but it's certainly over now. (4)
26 Was the British military leader at one time occupied with K.P. duty? (9)
28 One certainly has to look up to this hunter! (5)
29 Something in the shape of a ring, like this? (7)
30 The sort of gold found with what many liked in 1952? It's not human! (7)
31 Do you sometimes do it for company, or just straighten out the line? (5,2)
32 Found in either woman or man, seems to be evidence of the conquering type. (7)

DOWN

1 Adjusts to the style of public display with small living quarters. (6)
2 Found classically round where the top is called big now. (6)
3 It might take a lap to do so, but you don't like to be given it. (3-6)
4 Don't change your type, young man! Some men look good in one. (7)
5 and 25 down At least one of them coming after me in the air? (No doubt consisting of harps, trumpets, etc.) (5,2,6)
6 Crooked money here in the nursery rhyme. (5)
7 Just like a dolt, to serve a dirty lump on the platter! (8)
8 Leak slowly around a sort of it—beauty being what it is! (4,4)
13 and 17 The bird could be here now, but the animal takes a long time. (6)
16 Calling for a quick one at the bar, coming home after work? (One making cane chairs might put it in.) (4,5)
17 See 13
18 Dray, perhaps—but not in front of your house. (8)
19 See 12 across
22 The Hindu formula goes quietly enough, to catch one who trespasses. (7)
23 Father wears only old clothes, but is still the perfect model. (7)
24 One form of the element found in a valley of California? (A B.A. could construct a building with it.) (6)
25 See 5
27 Usually 18, of course. (They are rare in one.) (5)

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IS RELIGION JUST FOR THE IGNORANT?

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By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

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